

# Ace

THE MAN WHO  
OUTLIVED HIMSELF

FULL COLOR PHOTOS:  
When The Shades Are Up!



A Riotous Story of  
Sin in the Suburbs:

**THE WIFE SWAPPER**

# “Bella Donna” 99

That's how the Italians express  
their admiration for Donna Wadleigh,  
while Americans just say "WOW!"



# Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

JUNE, 1959  
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# ACES



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# Ace-High

BY SAM BREWER

## BOOKS AND RECORDS

**HENRY GOLSON'S NEW YORK SCENE** (Contemporary) is the jazz find of the year. The ensemble is strictly a star line-up, with men like Art Farmer, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, Julius Watkins, and others of that ilk, accompanying Benny's tenor sax. Benny's blues are strictly creative; in old favorites like

"You're Mine, You" he brings out a haunting depth of blues quality never heard in it before. He's also written and arranged several original pieces, all of which may take their place in the permanent list of jazz classics.

**PORTRAIT OF ART FARMER** (Contemporary) is another find, this of a stimulating trumpet player. Again, an all-star line-up, Hank Jones, Addison Farmer, Roy Haynes, along with Art, doing miraculous things to some old favorites, some originals. The record jumps with tremendous emotional drive; the intensely conveyed personal conviction of Farmer as to what a tune should be saying. Exciting as the original pieces are, what the combo does to some old standards is downright terrific.

**SING ALONG WITH BASIE** (Roulette) means exactly what it says. On the back of the record liner are written out the words and arrangements of great tunes by John Hendricks. David Lambert has made incompressible arrangements, which are done full justice by singers like Joe Williams and Annie Ross. All the listener need do is read what's written, and he too can sing along with Basie. Much more fun than the bouncing ball, and for just sitting back and listening, it's also a treat.

**MANTECA** (Prestige) presents the Red Garland Trio with Ray Barreto on the conga drum. In a curiously lyrical approach to jazz, Garland's piano carefully blocks out the melody, and then suddenly soars into a shattering departure on the theme. The bass and the two drummers are worthy accompanists to his

frantic pattern-setting, building up and expanding the rhythm when working together, and showing real virtuosity in their solo spots.

**PETER USTINOV: THE GRAND PRIX OF GEBRALTAR** (Noverre) is for listeners who want sheer fun with just a bit of malice. Peter takes some devastating side-swipes at all the razzle-dazzle surrounding fashionable sports car racing. He knows the sports car scene inside and out, and in this chuckling satire sets all the habits of that world under a madly distorted lens. Sports car racing will never be the same again.

**GREAT SONGS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD** (Kapp) is a tribute to the diversified backgrounds

of some of our most popular songs. Vic Schoen has gathered a dozen favorites of the past few years, songs like "Uska Dara" and "The Poor People Of Paris," which have become American standards.

**THE SAVAGE**, by Noel Clad (Simon and Schuster) is of an unusually literate calibre in the suspense field. From the time a murder is planned, to the last racking moment when it is about to be executed, the reader is involved in the terrifying effects on the characters of both victim and murderer. Suspense is maintained throughout.

**PETER USTINOV**



**Manteca**



City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_







# Those Inspiring Silk Panties

BY SAMUEL MELDORF

The luxurious lingerie pleased the Colonel's lady, put her lover on the spot, and turned the Colonel himself into an honored hero!

TRADITIONALLY, the Victoria Cross is awarded to those who have extended themselves beyond the normal demands of duty. The men who have won it in the past are notable for a heroism and selflessness far above ordinary courage. Nowhere have these attributes been so much in evidence as among those serving Her Majesty in India.

"It is with a sense of pride in these men that we gather here on this parade ground, far from England and home, to honor Colonel Richard Westersall by the presentation of this medal. His bravery should be an inspiration to us all."

The Colonel looked at his young wife fondly as her eager fingers undid the package. Who says a December-May marriage can't work out? he thought to himself. Wanda's every inch a Colonel's Lady. I'm a lucky man.

Impatiently, Wanda pulled the cover from the box and pushed aside the tissue paper. "Oh, Richard," she gasped. "You make me blush."

"You blush?" The Colonel guffawed. "My dear, you should have seen my face when I bought 'em. I vow it was the color of hellfire."

"Don't be profane, Richard." She kissed his cheek. "There. That's for being so brave. There's no other officer in all Her Majesty's Service that would dare the terrors of a Delhi lingerie counter."

"Do you really like them?"

"Like them? Darling, I love them." She held the silk panties up to the window-light and studied the intricate design of their. Continued p. 43

# A Small Cafe Ma'mselle

Atop the Eiffel Tower there's a powerful telescope which, directed downward towards Montmartre and zero'd in on a small bistro, will provide a view of Lola Martel that the tourist will never forget!



"STEP a little closer, M'sieur, and I will tell you of a small bistro just the other side of Montmartre that you will remember as the high point of your visit to Paris. You are American, not I thought so. I 'ave the rouxin in New Orleans city. Dear cousin Pierre, so lucky—Ah, but, the bistros. So impatient, you Yankee. Za sex indeed a very special place. Ouf, the cognac is of an excellence, but not res not what make a specification. Za food? One does not go to an establishment for cuisine. Sairvice? Eef you want saurvie, M'sieur, why did you not



stay in New York and go to be Nidrick? No, no, no! Zee is but one lecture not make his bistros a must; Lola Martel! Est sex she who attract connoisseurs of beauty from all nations. Wait! Wait, M'sieur! You misunderstand. Lola est merely a jeune fille, a daughter of a proprietor. And sey are a very respectable family. One merely goes to look and admire. Not worth eat? Oh, my frim? Wait, I show you some pictures.... Ah, here sey are. Are sey not of a loveliness, M'sieur? Est she not a belle extraordinaire? Do you wonder not run back to me small cafe to see so Ma'mselle and admire her? She est indeed a living symbol of so best Paris has to offer. You would like to go? Ah, I thought you would. But, M'sieur, zee est no need to hurry at!" ●



BY WARNER CARTER

# Portrait of

You too can make a couple of grand a week penning yuks for comics. All you need's a nice big hole in your head!



A COMEDIAN is an actor who stands in front of a television camera and says funny things with the air of a man who thought them up all by himself. If he goes over big and gets a high rating, he'll become a national idol and earn huge sums of money. If he lays an egg, he'll blame his writers. If he lays several eggs, he'll fire his writers.

His writers are a group of harassed men who sit for days on end in a smoke-filled room, subsisting on pastrami sandwiches and stowing coffee containers all over the place while they pick each other's brains in quest for yuks and buffos that will make their man sound hilarious. They make jokes about their slivers to each other and the jokes aren't funny, because ulcers aren't.

However, one shouldn't feel too sorry for the gag writers, ulcers and all. It's true their jobs are precarious and they sometimes work under conditions that would make a caddy hallier uncle, but they get very sizable paychecks indeed. Furthermore, if they're fired by one comic, they can always go to work for another, usually at an increase in pay.

On the other hand, if TV and radio were suddenly to be abolished, one would have a right to feel sorry for the gag man, because there's no other place he can work. He hasn't the manual dexterity to become a parking lot attendant, the brains to become a grocery clerk nor the gall to become a politician.

The gag man, you see, is a breed unto himself. There's nothing else like him in the entertainment, or any other, world. He isn't a writer, he isn't an actor, he isn't a



# a Gagwriter

creator. He's a joke mechanic. He thinks exclusively in terms of "what's funny about that?" He's a screwball with an inverted brain, but he's also a meticulous craftsman who has a miraculous gift for weaving a web of laughter out of the drab stuff of everyday existence.

He's unknown to the public. His landlady, or the news dealer on the corner may suspect "he does something in television," but outside the profession, that's the extent of his fame. He's respected in the trade—especially when working—but he leads no life of his own. He's constantly at the mercy of comedians, directors, producers, sponsors and advertising men.

How does a guy get to be a gag man? Being dropped on the head as a baby helps, but it isn't the entire answer. Let's have a look at a prime specimen. Jay Burton, a chubby, amiable little New Yorker, has been writing gags for more than a decade and is one of the most respected—and best paid—of them all.

Today Burton makes better than \$2,000 a week. He is one of the crew that works for Perry Como. They are responsible for the transformation of that genial, casual character from a mere singer of songs into a fellow who—in his own way—is becoming a mighty good comedian.

"Como is not a comedian in the sense that Gleason, Gobel, Benny, Skelton and many others are," Burton says, "but he has a good sense of comedy. He can't stand up and tell stories, but we tailor his lines so that they suit his individuality, his personality. He's got to be quiet, off-hand in his delivery."

Jay Burton drifted into gag-writing because he couldn't hold any other kind of job. He got fired a dozen times or more from positions paying various sums, all well under \$100 a week. The usual complaint was incompetence, but Jay insists it was more than that, it was his complete inability to take his work seriously. He was always making jokes on the subject where his employer was most sensitive—his business.

Today he still makes jokes—but ah, the difference!

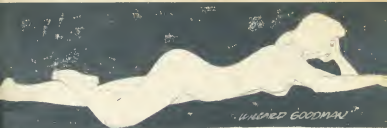
"I once worked for a statutory house," he Continued p 64



HO HO  
YAK  
YAK  
HA  
HA







## FICTION

When it came to suburbia's favorite sport, Norm was ready. How could he have known that Peggy made up her own rules?

BY JOHN A. ROMANO



**T**HERE'S a pattern to suburban living. A definite pattern.

It was Saturday night in Sunny Knoll and that meant a party. It meant the men would drink too much and the housewives would get their weekly pawings from each other's husbands. It meant everybody would do their desperate damndest to be gay, witty, sophisticated and utterly unlike the mortgage-burdened, neurosis-prone, sibling-raising bunch of complainers they were during the rest of the week.

Among those trying hardest this Saturday night was Norm Barton. Six quick highballs had changed Norm from the quiet-mannered, amiable meek fellow he was by nature into the dashing town strut he'd always wanted to be. During the transition his wife had murmured unkind words and left his side. Norm had tried to locate her in the crowd, but alcoholic myopia had interfered. However he had located Peggy Mailer. He'd danced with her—several times. The Mailers were the Barton's next-door neighbors and Peggy had been the object of many a commuter's daydream for Norm.

She was a dark girl with ebony hair, yellow-flecked green eyes and a high-breasted, fashion-model figure. Norm's wife Lola was bosomier and her curves were less angular, but there was something about Peggy—She was exotic. She had class. She was a challenge to a man.

This Saturday night Norm had picked up the challenge and found it composed of equal parts of desire and willingness. As they danced her body adhered to his like a fresh band-aid. It was a warm body, unencumbered by the tough-fibred garble favored by most of the wives of Sunny Knoll.

Norm nibbled on her ear and she pulled her head back and looked into his eyes meaningfully. Slowly he danced her into the hallway and then led her by the hand to the downstairs bedroom where all the coats were piled.

The room was dark as they groped their way to one of the beds. From the other came the sounds of soft words and hard breathing. Norm and Peggy settled themselves and his lips found hers.

"Wow!" she murmured breathlessly. Continued on next page

## THE WIFE SWAPPER continued

when they eventually pulled apart.

"If you know how many times I've thought of doing that," Norm whispered.

"And what else?" Her hand slid inside his shirt.

Norm showed her and she responded eagerly, impatiently pushing her clothes under her body to get them out of the way of his exploring hands. The bed gave an unexpected creak. They giggled and then forgot about it.

They were too occupied with making love to notice the drunk who wandered into the room in search of his overcoat a few moments later. Fumblingly he slipped through the piled-up coats. Then, muttering to himself, he switched on the light.

White dots danced in front of Norm's eyes. He was conscious of Peggy frantically straightening her clothes. Then, his vision returning, he focused on a female figure rising in disarrayed astonishment from the other bed.

It was his wife Lola. And the man getting to his feet beside her was Jim Maier, Peggy's husband.

Everything was very civilized. The four of them met and discussed the situation thoroughly. They were all frank. They were all reasonable.

Norm admitted that he'd been hankering for Peggy for some time.

Jim confessed to a similar feeling about Lola.

Lola said Jim represented romance to her (at which point Peggy moaned, but was polite enough to apologize), while Norm and she seemed to have nothing in common but the children.

Peggy declared that she and Jim were incompatible sexually. But she and Norm—Well?

It was decided that divorce was the only solution. The children (the families had two apiece) would, of course, stay with their mothers. Peggy and Lola would leave for Reno within the week.

Somewhat—neither of the men could ever quite figure how it happened—it was understood that when the divorces became final, Norm

would marry Peggy and Jim would wed Lola. Secretly Norm wasn't too sure that he wanted to marry Peggy, but he couldn't very well admit it—not in front of Lola.

In no time at all Peggy was back from Nevada and Norm found himself playing bridegroom before an obscure justice of the peace. Jim and Lola were married the following week. All four lives settled back into the old routines.

Gradually the Barkers and the Maiers ceased being the center of scandalized attention among the inhabitants of Sunny Knoll Flats to move away—discussed half-heartedly at the time of the divorces—were quietly shelved by both families as embarrassment turned to acceptance of their positions.

Norm liked being next door to his kids where he could see them all the time and play with them. He'd always liked Jim and gotten along with him and now that Lola was no longer his wife, he found her a very pleasant neighbor indeed. Jim evidently felt the same about things.

Norm's life fell back into the pattern: bounded by the 8-15 in the morning and the 5-27 at night. Except that it was Peggy instead of Lola who sat across from him at the breakfast table, nothing much seemed to have changed. Peggy's kids, now living with them, were if anything bigger pests than his own. Also, Peggy was proving in many ways harder to get along with than Lola.

Norm thought about this one Friday evening as he puffed away at a cigarette in the smoking car of a homeward bound train. He'd had one of those days that had been all spoiled up from start to finish. First thing in the morning he'd had to take the bus to the station because Peggy wanted to use the car to take the kids to her mother's house where they were spending the weekend. Typically selfish of her, Norm thought. She could have taken the bus.

Then when he'd gotten to the office, the boss had called him in

and told him he'd have to leave for Toledo that afternoon to go over some contracts—which would sure as hell kill the weekend. So he'd called Peggy at her mother's and told her and naturally she'd raised the devil because it upset her plans.

Labor in the morning the boss had called him to tell him the trip wasn't necessary after all. The Toledo fellow was flying in that afternoon and if Norm didn't mind staying a bit late to go over the figures, they could square the contract away. Norm tried to call Peggy at her mother's again to tell her he'd be home after all, but she'd already left.

He'd kept trying to get her at intervals during the day, but there was no answer at home. Probably out shopping, he told himself. She could spend money like water. So now here he was going home at nine o'clock at night and she wouldn't even be at the station to meet him. Well, he'd take the bus. It would be faster than calling her and waiting for her to come and get him. But she was so damn inconsiderate!

The almost empty smoking car was depressing and Norm was irked. But he was introspective enough to realize that it wasn't Peggy's little self-centered foibles that were really bothering him. It was, he told himself wryly, that ole debil sex.

When Peggy had been in the category of forbidden fruits, Norm had attributed strange, exotic flavors to her. Now that she was available as every day fare, Norm was discovering that her savorenness was waning. The stenderness which Norm had once thought a sign of class now appeared unappealing scrawniness. In their most intimate moments her bones seemed always to be gouging him in the wrong places. And her outlandish ideas of romance? Married almost a year and she still insisted that if he wanted her, he'd first have to court her. Made a man feel like a bloody fool!

Nostalgically, Norm's thoughts turned to Lola. She Continued p. 70



# BACKSTAGE, U.S.A.



Theatre and night club audiences from Maine to California prefer the shows lively, the music bouncy and the girls undroped. Little do they know that the most revealing side of entertainment is found behind the curtain where shapely showgirls let their hair down!

## BACKSTAGE, U.S.A. continued



Fert Holly Day (l.) watches on that followed her onstage before relaxing in dressing room. Popular Lilly Ayers puts on her costume slowly.

**A** MERICANS, more than any other people in the world, like to be entertained. They flock to movie houses, theatres, amusement parks, carnivals and night clubs in droves. By far the most popular form of entertainment today is that which features lots of music, lots of dancing and lots and lots of beautiful girls—all wearing as little in the way of clothing as the various state laws allow. These are the shows that folks from coast to coast are crowding into arenas and theatres to see. And

Well-known exotic Galasia poses prettily while waiting for curtain time. At ease here, later she wowed audience with her straussian routine.





Parisian import Renee Givry (8) proved a smash in her initial appearance at a Miami ritzy. Like American showgirls, she welcomes a backstage interlude. Striptease Brandy Martin (center) likes to limber up between the acts, while showgirl Jane Thomas fiddles with her hairdo and chats with the other girls as she awaits the call for the grand finale.

when the house lights dim and the lovelies dance onstage, audiences are stupefied that they're getting their money's worth and more. They are, but what they seldom realize is that the finest theatrical sights—and the most intimate ones—are to be found backstage. Here, in a tiny, usually overcrowded area between the paying customers and the stage-door Johnnies, the girls relax between the acts and let their hair down. Here the beautiful and the boozey, the ambitious and the talented, the

show-stoppers and the chorines can truly be themselves. Onstage they must be constantly aware of their every action. In the world beyond the footlights, they are like fish out of water, finding it difficult to establish rapport with non-theatrical people and frequently having their work and their conversation misunderstood. But backstage is a haven, a resting-place between the excitement of a career and the struggle to express themselves to a world which stereotypes, stamps and flies show

business girls as "theatrical personalities." So they arrive well before showtime and linger over the greasepaint and they stay late, taking their time switching from costumes to street dress. They feel at home here. Their most lasting friendships are formed here. Many an entertainer has met her future husband—an actor, stagehand, or agent—in the pleasant dimness behind the curtain. And, more girls are seen by talent scouts here than out front. There's no place like it—Backstage, U.S.A.

Winona Pandora (6) smokes and relaxes backstage. Strip City headliner Georgette Beaton (center) likes to get to the ritzy early and enjoys shooting the breeze with stagehands. Another early-comer is Dusty Angel. She stopped the show in her Vegas debut and the top star who followed her had to call her back to dress up his act with more of her encores.



FICTION

BY JAY BECKSTEIN



# A Liberal Education

"SHE WAS but terrible," Artie was saying. "She practically pulled me into that back seat. And built! Man, I tell you."

Bob listened to his roommate with his usual feelings of frustration and envy. This was their third year together at Marker College. From the first Artie had been making out like mad with the coeds. From the first Bob had been listening to him replaying the big seduction scenes.

Around the frat house they called Artie "the octopus of the jackrabbit set." And they called Bob "the Strike-out King of Marker." Bob's failures with the fair sex, like Artie's successes, were legend.

Damned, he thought as he listened to Artie doesn't he ever miss? Doesn't a girl ever say no to him?

"Artie," Bob interrupted a transition from clinical description to esthetic appraisal. "You always make out, don't you?"

"I do all right, Bobby boy. Ka-woe all right."

"I don't."

"Yeah, I know."

"Artie, it's about time I got something out of being your roommate besides the privilege of loaning you my best ties."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning I want you to help me."

"Gee, I don't know, Bob. How can I?"

"Tell me what I'm doing wrong."

Artie spread his hands helplessly. "I just don't know, Bobby boy."

"Well, let's put it this way, what are you doing right?"

Artie leaned back thoughtfully. This presented a challenge. "Well, Bob," he began thoughtfully, "I just set my sights on a particular girl and figure out what kind of approach will work best with her."

Bob nodded. "Sounds logical. Okay, pick me a victim."

"Hell, I can't pick a girl for you."

"Why not?"

Artie thought this over and finally shrugged his shoulders. "All right, let me think a minute." They were both silent. Then Artie snapped his fingers. "Irene Enemschitz. That's the girl for you to start with. Know her?"

"I've seen her around the campus. Horn-rimmed glasses, pushed-back hair. Doesn't exactly look like an easy mark."

"That's where you're wrong, laddie Irene, for your information, is a pushover for the right approach. She's an intellectual. Everything has to be on a very high plane. You start out with Nietzsche, work your way into Freud and make your pitch with Kinsey. She may keep quoting statistics, but sooner or later she'll back them up with field work."

Artie arranged everything and a few nights later Bob found himself parked in a secluded spot with Irene Enemschitz. She really wasn't bad looking, he told himself, what with her hair hanging soft and loose and the thick glasses no longer obscuring her large brown eyes. Her figure was a little dumpy perhaps, but her bosom was full and its rapid rise and fall was having a hypnotic effect on Bob that made him forget her shortcomings.

Continued p. 42

When Artie set out to tutor Bob in the art of seducing coeds, he couldn't have known just how bumbling his pupil would be!

The most adult, outspoken and intelligent shows on TV and radio are limited to local broadcasts. Here's why:



## Too Hot for the Networks

**T**URNING A MAN with a mind of his own loose on a TV or radio network is like giving a four-year-old child a live atom bomb as a plaything. Sooner or later there's bound to be an explosion.

There haven't been many of these blow-ups in the brief history of radio and video. But what they've lacked in frequency, they've made up in effect. A fallout of mail from Maine to California, an impressive churning of network vice-presidential ulcers, the booming protests of sponsors and the squeaking excuses of admen, the horrified uproar of the pressure groups and the outraged responses of individuals all combine to create the chaotic reaction to one man saying what he thinks on a coast-to-coast hookup.

Perhaps the first such man was Fred Allen. Nearly 15 years ago Fred directed his wit at the hierarchy of the NBC network for which he worked. His show was cut off the air because he refused to delete cer-

tain gags about grey flannel junior executives who "wore tight suits so they couldn't make a move without a conference." As revenge for the network action, Allen planned to hire midgets to picket the network building with signs that read: "This network is unfair to the little man."

The script which followed the cut-off marked the beginning of the end for the Fred Allen show. It opened like this:

**PORTLAND:** Why were you cut off last Sunday?

**ALLEN:** Who knows? The more things in radio is to come out on time. If people laugh, the program is longer. The thing to do is to get a nice dull half-hour. Nobody will laugh or applaud. Then, you'll always be right on time, and all of the little emaciated radio executives can dance around their desks in interoffice abandon.

The script further spoofed the NBC veeep's time-saving methods of "cutting off the ends of programs."

**PORTLAND:** What does he do with all this time?

**ALLEN:** He adds it all up—ten seconds here, twenty seconds there—and when he has saved up enough seconds, minutes and hours to make two weeks, NBC lets the vice-president see the two weeks of your time for his vacation.

**PORTLAND:** He's living on borrowed time.

**ALLEN:** And enjoying every minute of it.

Radio listeners who liked their humor spiced with satire enjoyed every minute of Allen, too. But those minutes were numbered. On June 26, 1948, the Fred Allen show was dropped from the airwaves. After 17 years, executives had come to the conclusion that the outspoken comic was too hot for the network.

Before the axe fell though, Allen had done something unique in the world of radio. He, a sponsored comedian, had sponsored the half-hour program of another comedian, Henry

Morgan Allen had good reasons.

Morgan, even more than Allen, was an irreverent nose-thumper at the sacred cows of radio. Once, during a routine program on Mutual, Morgan sectioned off the entire executive staff of the Mutual Broadcasting System, man by man. The group brought \$33, including good will. He then told the announcers in pairs so they wouldn't get lonely.

While a fledgling announcer in Philadelphia, Morgan inserted the names of the studio manager and other station officials into the daily list of missing persons announcements. A few strings later, Morgan had a show in Duluth, Minnesota where he played nothing but car crashes and catastrophic sound effects.

But it was in New York that Morgan mangled the sponsors by deflating their pompous claims. One victim was O'Henry candy bars. In a serious voice, Morgan exclaimed, "Yes, O'Henry is a meal in itself... but you eat three meals of O'Henry and your teeth will fall out." The perturbed candy company dropped the show after Morgan told parents: "Feed your children enough O'Henry's and they'll get sick and die."

Life Savers candy had enough of Morgan after only one show. Morgan grouched that the public was being cheated by not getting candy in the middle of the Life Saver. He then proposed to manufacture Morgan Mint Middles, if someone would put up the cash. Another slam at the commercial world was inaugurated by Henry's society for doctors who don't practice but just pose for ads.

Once, when bored, Morgan tried to bring in a portable radio to tune in on Lowell Thomas on another network during his own show. The F.C.C., informed of his intent, foiled his fun with a threat.

But Morgan finally proved that his unorthodoxy could pay off with Adler Elevator Shoes. His kidding of "old man Adler" was a shot in the arm to the sales figures. Soon after O'Henry candy dropped him, he boasted over the air that "an Adler Elevator Shoe is a meal in itself." On another show, he kidded his sponsor this way: "Old man Adler claims the moment you put on his elevator shoes, you'll be two inches taller. The claim is correct. You can be two inches taller—if you

can stand up in them!" said Morgan.

Eventually Morgan's growing popularity won him a choice Wednesday night half-hour over the ABC network. He was sponsored by Schick Injector Razors. A typical commercial delivered by Morgan would have him setting forth Schick's claim that their blades could be changed in seconds. This, he would point out, saves you time in shaving, permits you to leave the house for the office two minutes earlier than ordinarily—and may cause you to be run over by the trolley which passes your house at that time. Schick, out to ribbons by Morgan's well-boned tongue, dropped him after 13 weeks.

A while later Fred Allen became his sponsor. But Morgan was no more the network's cup of tea than Fred was. His end as a radio satirist preceded Fred's by a few months. Today Morgan is a panelist on the CBS panel show "I've Got A Secret," but his acid wit is held well in check.

His place as the barr beneath the headquarters of what's left of radio today has been taken over by Jean Shepherd, an irrepressible iconoclast who is heard locally over WOR in the New York area. The fact that Shepherd is heard only locally is reflective of the fact that the networks are more hostile than ever to risk giving national time to a per-

sonality whose words may prove controversial. Another factor in Shepherd's case is that he falls in an arbitrary network category labeled "Righteous."

Heard over WOR on Sunday nights from 9:05 p.m. to one a.m., Shepherd opens his show by announcing himself as "Harold Everyman." He then moans eloquently about the "trials in the time and tide of mankind... the ebb and flow within a huge vortex of nothingness."

An ex-psychology student, Shepherd may go on to wonder about "the difficulties of explaining Coney Island to a scientist from Venus." Or he may indulge in a harangue about "the sociocanthropological facts behind wearing paper hats at parties." Or he may ruminate about "the vital role of the Flexible Flyer sled in the U.S. cultural renaissance."

But Shepherd's real claim to fame rests so—Continued on next page





curely on his position as leader of the "Night People," a classification he coined himself. By his definition, "Night People are truly aware of the real world. People who live in the day are interested in things, people who live at night deal with ideas."

"Day People," according to Shep, are responsible for "Creeping Meatballism, the adulation of all that is mediocre — the 'nothings' in the world that have become fads, like three-toned, streamlined automobiles with plastic upholstery."

A little over two years ago, Shepherd was about to be dropped by WOR because he was unpopular. In a daring move that asked the execs no end, Shepherd pitched an unsolicited three-minute commercial for Sweetheart Soap.

At first the WOR bugwigs flipped at Shep's audacity and summarily dismissed him. Then, in quick order, two things happened that brought him back to the air. One, Shepherd's small, but intensely loyal and highly vocal coterie of fans threatened the life of his successor, "Long John" Nebel for having usurped their idol; and, two, Sweetheart Soap signed with WOR on the condition that Shepherd would deliver their commercials. The station rehired him.

He's still holding forth on East Coast radio, shooting barbs at just

about everything the "Day People" (which is undoubtedly the mass listening audience the veeps are always talking about) hold sacred.

To find Shepherd's match, it is necessary to travel the length of the country to Los Angeles. Here, also on a local TV station, Oscar Levant pokes a vitriol-dipped finger into the underbelly of American mores.

Oscar, famed as a malcontent, hypochondriac, author and concert pianist, traces his career in head-circling back to the popular radio show "Information Please" where he

served as a panelist in 1938. This stint came to an end when Oscar punched the producer of the show because he thought he had belittled Yankee pitcher Lefty Gomez.

Oscar's fulminating over the airwaves was sporadic after that until his recent signing with KBJ-TV for two ninety-minute shows a week at a salary of \$1,900. He's still got his punch though, as is proved by such cracks as "The secret of perpetual middle age is Eee Eee Gabor."

But he sealed his fate as a strictly local broadcaster by his remarks as a network guest over the coast-to-coast Jack Paar show.

"I feel as out of place here as Gerald L. K. Smith at a B'nai B'rith meeting," opened the irrepressible Oscar, adding, "You have the most responsive audience since Adolf Hitler in the good old days."

Then, talking about President Eisenhower, Levant said: "He and I are very much alike. Once we make up our minds, we're filled with indecisions."

Commenting to Jack on the Edith Fisher-Lax Taylor romance, then in the headlines, Oscar sneered, "How high can you stoop?"

Such remarks are still spicing up Oscar's local show, but it will be a long time before the networks risk airing him on a national hookup. His vinegar wit is too apt to antagonize large segments of the public.

Nor is wit the only thing they fear in large-scale broadcasting. They've found that certain earnest interviewers are capable of prodding their guests into making statements which





will also cause a clamor among listeners. Prototype of such interviewers, and the only one who has been aired nationally, is Mike Wallace.

Wallace devised his hard-hitting interview techniques for "Nightbeat," a local, late-night TV show in New York. Exciting and controversial chats like the one with Mr. John, the famous milliner, about homosexuals in the arts, brought Mike to the attention of the American Broadcasting network. They signed him up to do the "Mike Wallace Interview" at a chosen Sunday night time. Almost immediately, the show was in hot water.

Mickey Cohen, an ex-Capone hood, tipped the L.A. police department for being corrupt, naming names and bringing on a slander suit.

On November 30, 1957, Drew Pearson, a Mike Wallace guest, accused Senator John Kennedy of not writing his own best seller, "Profiles in Courage." Pearson alleged that Kennedy used a battery of ghost writers. The following week, Oliver Trey, executive spokesman for the network, publicly apologized.

The biggest uproar, one which almost began a congressional maelstrom, was caused by the interview with Cyrus Eaton. The millionaire chairman of the board of directors of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad accused J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. of being "unnecessarily sacrosanct" and said that the U.S. was becoming a "police state" with F.B.I. men "breathing down the backs of citizens."

ABC was finding Wallace too hot to handle. The only surprising thing about this is that they hadn't realized it before.

Wallace isn't on in person any more, but his spirit still haunts the airwaves in a show he co-produces over ABC's local TV station in New York. Starring Ben Hecht, it's on from 10:50 to 11:50 nightly, and it's one of the most explosive shows around.

Take the time that Hecht had Grace Metalious author of "Peyton Place," on his show. It ended with sex. Hecht asked Grace if the vast amount of open sex in books was harmful.

METALIOUS: Ben, if you're not going to have sex in the bedroom you might as well have it in the library. You know to have it somewhere.



HECHT: Has surgury become anything of a necessity for modern girls as a wedding gift?

METALIOUS: Well, I only know what I hear around and I hear that surgury is terribly anachae.

Such frankness is typical of Hecht's shows. Also frequent are his barangues against government officials from the President on down, moral and cultural leaders, youths who don't rebel and adults who rebel too much, labor leaders, bosses and just about everybody else.

Few of his listeners agree with Hecht all the time, but all of them

find his iconoclasm most refreshing.

They are resigned to the fact that like Levant and Shepherd he will probably never be aired on a network show. Men like these are too hot for the networks. After all, the company executives reason, why take a chance with ideas? Nobody ever got their corporate fingers burned by a Western show. Let's hope they don't extend that line of reasoning to local broadcasting. If they do, the only thing you'll find that's hot on your TV or radio set will be the lighted match that introduces the cigarette commercials! ●



# She Could Write a Book

... with all her experience reading novels, which is less difficult, says Joyce Miles, than having novel experiences!



Joyce's philosophy is that *A Rage To Live* is best tempered by a level-headed desire to seek Sanctuary in books. She doesn't recommend being a bookworm—although she laughingly tells herself one—but she thinks wild girls live to regret a Post-Perfect



Portrait Of A Lady who prefers her romance and adventure between the covers of a book. An American Tragedy to Joyce is that today's men can't match the heroes in her reading.

**T**HE SUN ALSO RISES and smiles Forever Amber on Joyce Miles, a girl who may well be *This Brave New World's* most beautiful anachronism. Not that in the eyes Of *Mice And Men* there's anything outmoded about her loveliness. It's just that she's a lass who thinks *The Best of Everything* is found in books. She'd rather read than do anything—and that specifically includes watching the *Treadmill To Oblivion* known as TV. When Joyce curls up with a book, all her cares are *Gone With The Wind*. She forgets the daily headlines of *Crime And Punishment*. She sets herself apart from the dogs of our *Generation Of Vipers*. One day she may be *By Love Possessed*, but meanwhile her advice is to *Never Love A Stranger*—and that means any man who doesn't like to read.





Heaven Can Wait, according to Joyce. She's having plenty of fun *This Side of Paradise*. To live 365 Days A Year, in *This Our Life*, Joyce realizes that a girl must do more than just read. She has to make the most of *The Good Earth* and all the wondrous things on it.





## THE JOKER'S GEMS

**A** fellow we know has the best system of all. Let him describe it:

"I inveigle a girl up to my apartment to see my etchings, or something. When she gets there, she discovers there are no etchings. As a matter of fact, she sees that there are no chairs, no couches, no beds, no tables, no furniture of any sort."

"So what happens," we asked. "Invariably," tossed off the smoothie, "she's floored."

**H**eaded about the pair of lovers who decided they'd always make love by candlelight! Alas, it only lasted for a week.

**A**lice is the neatest, the sweetest, the purest, the most respected and

clean-living girl in the neighborhood. She's also the loneliest!

**O**ur new secretary's a perfect 36—around the knuckles alone!

**N**ot only that, but she refers to the diary she keeps as a "whodunnit!"

**O**verheard in a Madison Ave. gym-mat: "Who gave the bride away?" "I could have, but I kept quiet!"

**L**ooking at his date as she casually rearranged her clothing, the college soph asked: "Do you tell your mother about everything you do?"

"Of course not," she replied. "It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

**J**ust back from India, the Captain couldn't wait to get to his club for an evening of congenial friendship, a bit of tippling, perhaps some poker, and any other kind of fun that came his way. To his disappointment, he found the club empty except for one rather tame looking individual sitting in a corner armchair. The Captain took an adjacent chair and struck up a conversation. After awhile, he offered the man a cigar.

"No thank you," he replied in previous times. "Tried smoking once, y'know. Didn't agree with me. Never tried it again."

They chatted desultorily a while longer and then the Captain offered to buy the chap a drink.

"No thank you. Tasted liquor once. Didn't like it. Never passed my lips since."

With a sigh, the Captain resumed their conversation. After another few moments, he asked the fellow if perhaps he'd care to hunt up a few more fellows and have a game of poker.

"Sorry. Tried cards once. Bored me. Never played again."

Just then a young boy peered in through the door.

"Oh, said the fellow, there's my son."

"Your only son, I presume," said the Captain blandly.

**J**ayne Mansfield got to the top because her clothes didn't.

**A** glamor photographer we know broke his collarbone recently fighting for a girl's honor. Seems she wanted to keep it!



"Know what I've discovered? I've discovered all man can't created equal."

F. Scott Fitzgerald was the laureate  
of the Jazz Age, but when the bathtub gin  
ran dry, he found himself a forgotten  
celebrity with egg on his literary chin



## THE MAN WHO OUTLIVED

IN THE WINTER of 1937, author Budd Schulberg, fresh out of college, was assigned to write a screenplay based on the Winter Carnival at Dartmouth. Walter Wanger, the producer, took Schulberg aside to announce that he would have for a collaborator one of America's greatest writers, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"F. Scott Fitzgerald?" gasped Schulberg. "I thought he was dead!"

"If he is, retorted Wanger, "I'm paying a ghost \$1,500 a week. He's right in the next room."

Schulberg met Fitzgerald and they took off together for Hanover, N. H., to absorb local color for the script. What followed was catastrophic: Fitzgerald, then deep in the throes of alcoholism, went off on a colonial tour, one of several that punctuated the last years of his life. He was taken off the job in disgrace.

The incident dramatically points up the decline and fall of one of the most brilliant, poignant figures to ever dominate our literary scene. From 1920, when his first novel, "This Side of Paradise," exploded like a bombshell on post-war America, until 1928, when depression shattered the bubble of prosperity everlastingly, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald and his beautiful, eccentric wife, Zelda, were regarded as the very soul and embodiment of that flamboyant era, the roaring, jazzy, roight-drinking '20s. Less than 10 years later, even knowledgeable people were unaware that they were still alive.

Although he continued to write through the post-depression years, indeed, many critics are of the opinion that his last, unfinished novel, "The Last Tycoon," was his finest work—Fitzgerald lived in

Continued p. 68



Budd Schulberg worked with Scott, later wrote a novel and play about his decline. Scott and Zelda (r.) after the fire destroyed their home.



Walter Wanger (L) hired Fitzgerald in the 1930s. Texas Guinan, like Scott, symbolized the pre-depression decade.

# HIMSELF

BY CARL H. WINSTON



Screen siren Theda Bara was the embodiment of the Fitzgerald heroine to the movie public.



As handsome as any movie star, Fitzgerald was popular with flappers, but true to the wife he loved.



**WHEN THE  
SHADES  
ARE UP...**



**EVERYONE SINGS...**





...**"OH, JONNIE!"**



**COME ON INSIDE**



Following the pattern of many successful stars, Jennie Wilson works at modeling days, studies acting and dancing in evenings.



Jennie was born and raised in Arcadio, Calif. Just 22 years old now, she's been a career girl since her 18th birthday.

"THE SHADES are up! Yes, I know. But what's a girl to do when the temperature's up there in the nineties? I mean, I'm just roasting in here and I had such a rough day. First I had to shoot a cover for ACE at eight a.m. and then I had to run down to Television City to rehearse a TV commercial. I barely had time for a one-stop-of-coffee lunch before keeping two afternoon appointments to pass at ad agencies. Talk about being hot! Almost five hours straight under those lights before the account exec was happy. And now I've simply got to do some exercises before I hit the sack. You see, I had this luscious marshmallow sundae for dessert at dinner and if I don't work it off, my figure will simply be ruined. Why thank you, I do like to think it's a nice figure. Yes, now that you mention it, other men have complimented it before. What? Oh, that's the trouble. I'm drawing a crowd across the street? Oh, dear, I hadn't really noticed. Yes, yes, I do realize that you must have had a rough day too. And your feet are tired. I'm so sorry. All right, Officer, I'll pull the shades down right away. Why, thank you, it's been nice meeting you, too. Be seeing you."





After these pictures were snapped, Jennie solved the problem of what to do about the shades on a hot night. She went out and bought some venetian blinds. They let air in, keep unwelcome eyes out.



RIBALD SAYINGS

RIBALD SAYINGS

# FROM THE MOUTHS OF BARDS

... come some wry and pithy comments on men and women  
and the art of love which are every bit as apropos today as when  
they were first penned. These ancients had more than one  
word for it, and the words are designed for laugh!

RIBALD SAYINGS

RIBALD SAYINGS

The hours of adultery are so long that it takes two to carry them—sometimes three.

—*Alexandre Dumas*

\* \* \*

Young men want to be faithful and are not.  
Old men want to be faithless and cannot.

—*Oscar Wilde*

\* \* \*

virtuous women, like prostitutes, often grow weary of their profession.

—*La Rochefoucauld*

\* \* \*

A reputation for chastity is an asset for a woman. Chastity itself is often useful.

—*Anonymous*

\* \* \*

#### MODERATION

It's a wonderful feeling indeed  
To curb passion's wild excess,  
But when you fail to succeed,  
It's a pleasure none the less.

—*Heinrich Heine*

\* \* \*

#### PURITY

"No! No! Spare me my purity!"  
Should I lose that," spoke Rose, "I'll die."  
"Out in the woods last night," asked Dick,  
"Rose, were you not extremely sick?"

—*Matthew Prior*

\* \* \*

The woman who makes a sheep of a man  
Invariably tells him he has the strength of a lion.

—*Honore de Balzac*

\* \* \*

Nothing matches the devotion of a married woman. Unfortunately, it is something no married man knows anything about.

—*Oscar Wilde*

\* \* \*

#### VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

"Come now," she asked, "won't you confide  
And tell me truly—jest aside—  
What possible difference there can be  
Between your masculine self and me."  
"To tell you true, Love," he replied,  
"I can't conceive!"

—*Anonymous*

#### VIRGINES TO BE MADE

Oh, to be freed from this restraint,  
Or abandon the hope to win her;  
If she could but make of me a saint,  
Or I of her a sinner!

—*William Congreve*

\* \* \*

It is not so difficult to find a woman who has  
Never been guilty of an indiscretion as to  
Find a woman who has been guilty of but  
One.

—*La Rochefoucauld*

\* \* \*

Women have only one way to make us joyous  
—alas, forty thousand ways of making us  
miserable.

—*Heinrich Heine*

\* \* \*

#### ON WIVES

No husband looks to wife with pleasure, save  
The one: On the marriage night, and in her  
arms.

—*Palladas*

\* \* \*

#### FOR ART'S SAKE

Does for the portrait painter who had  
Many sons,  
And never got a likeness—no, not even once.

—*Lucretius*

\* \* \*

#### THE TEST

She said, "Oh, lover, one request:  
Please tell me truly, honor bright,  
Does wife, or I, show you more zest?"  
"Why you," he swore, "at love's fair game."  
"Then," she replied, "I pass the test,  
For all and sundry say the same!"

—*Mollin de Saint-Gelsis*

\* \* \*

#### AN ACCURATE EPIITAPH

When she who always passed her nights in  
sport,  
Playing of the king, harlot to the court,  
Died of the ague, they graved so on her stone—  
"At last she sleeps—at last she sleeps alone."

—*Anonymous*

# Where There's Life...

there's Hope Hathaway!

Species: *Americus Terrific*. Sex: Female.

Habitat: Woodlands of North America.

Data: The motto of the Scouts should always be observed in tracking this fascinating creature: Be Prepared!—for anything!



Patrol leaders take note: Although a quite tame and friendly creature, *Americus Terrific* becomes extremely agitated when startled. Scouts should take extreme care in approaching her.



**SCOUTMASTER:** Members of the Supreme Council, we are met to sit in judgment in the courtmartial of First Class Scout M. B. Is the accused present?

**Scout** (voice trembling): Present, Sir. Scoutmaster: Don't be nervous, son. Just tell your story in your own words.

**Scout:** Well, Sir, I was in the woods to complete the requirements for my Merit Badge in Tracking. I had to find a woodland creature and track it to its lair without being detected. Following the Handbook, I hid behind some wild shrubs and waited. Finally I heard a movement about 100 yards away.

**Scoutmaster:** There were signs of life?

**Scout:** Yes Sir. And where there's life, there's Hope Hathaway.

**Scoutmaster:** How's that?

**Scout:** Sorry, I'm getting ahead of my story. Anyway, I inched over to where I'd heard the movement. Again I heard a rustle. This time it was some 50 yards south. Again I crept toward it. Again the creature moved south.

**Scoutmaster:** You hadn't seen it yet?

**Scout:** No Sir. I didn't see what I was following until she—until she—

**Scoutmaster:** Control yourself, son. Remember you're a First Class Scout.

**Scout:** Sorry Sir. Anyway, I tracked the creature to a cabin in the woods. When I realized it had gone inside, and that it might be savage and do harm to whoever lived there, I crept up to a window and peered through it.

**Scoutmaster:** And then?

**Scout** (vaguely controlling himself): That's when she saw me, Sir. That's when she screamed. I tried to explain, but then the Forest Rangers came.

**Scoutmaster:** Did you explain to them?

**Scout:** I tried to, Sir, but I'd smeared this mud and all over my face for camouflage, like the Handbook says, and Miss Hathaway kept saying how I was the monster at the window and the Rangers just kept looking at her and wouldn't pay any attention to me at all. Oh, Sir, don't drum me out of the troop! Don't cashier me!

**Scoutmaster:** Easy, son—Gentlemen, it appears that Scout M. B. has been the victim of circumstances. I direct that your verdict be Not Guilty!

Tracking Scouts may find her easy to follow, but remember, Hope allows no intruders in her den.





"I thought someone was following me in the forest," said Hope later, "but I figured I'd be safe in the cabin. Then I saw this awful face at the window—"



"I was lying down at the time, just staring off into space and daydreaming. And I saw it! Well, you can imagine! I threw back my head and screamed and then this thing was inside and making these incoherent grunts."







"You can just picture my relief when these Forest Rangers came. They'd heard my scream and swarmed over this hideous monster. They tried to tell me later that it was a Boy Scout, but I've heard that one before!"





## Bon Vivants Are

It's not difficult to drink champagne on a bear budget, especially if you can master the art of Big Scale Free Loading. Here, an expert outlines the ground rules for beginners!

BY LEONARD PERRY



**YOU HAVEN'T LIVED** until you've tasted the mushrooms, stuffed with snails, Gaillic cheese and walnuts, at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars in New York. Or the Alban crabmeat set in an avocado coronet at 21. The Colony's ring-necked pheasant, served with branded berries, is superb, especially when washed down with a robust Burgundy, perhaps Le Chambertin, Armand Rousseau. I recommend 1952 as a particularly fine year.

On the other hand, it may be that you are in the mood for stronger drink. In that case, there's a bartender at the Waldorf-Astoria who's a positive genius at mixing extra dry Martinis and Manhattanes. Also, the Plaza serves the finest of bonded bourbons and the Pierre does a highly commendable job on fancy mixed drinks, while the Hotel Roosevelt utilizes the largest cocktail glasses.

If I have given the impression I am something of a high-liver, it is precisely my intention. Frankly, I

pretty much restricted to such terms as: "Western on rye," "London broil with French fries," "a puna and a beer," "ham and cheese on white, hold the lettuce," and, for dessert, "a hunk of that Danish over there." When I entered a saloon—which was just about as often as the next guy—my usual request was for "a shot of rye with a beer chaser."

What, you might very well ask, happened to transform me from a strictly meat-and-potatoes operator to a suave, elegant bon vivant? Did an uncle kick off and leave me heir to a sackful of bullion? Did I hitch my wagon to a rich widow? Did I discover uranium in my back yard?

Fair questions, but the truth is that I'm as poverty-stricken today as I ever was. I still live in an economy-sized furnished room and I still perform the same menial chore of clerking for a large insurance firm—with a salary to match. The fact is that I owe my present elevated status as Gentleman About Town in Only the Best Places to a remark-

party, the luncheon, the dinner party and the banquet have become far more than a special occasion. They have become a Way of Life. Every day in the week sees scores of such affairs going on in the best hotels, the finest restaurants.

Because of the present tax set-up—especially the Excess Profits gimmick—most business firms toss parties at the drop of a hat. The cost is written off as advertising or necessary business entertainment. They spread Good Will around with a lavish hand and it is under its glowing aura that the Fred Loader comes into his own.

Assume that the Flimflam Film Co. wants to introduce its newest double-breasted Italian star. Or that a fake manufacturer has come up with a new puncture-proof product. Or that a publisher wants to launch a budding Dostoevsky. Or that the Hyper-Thyroid Drug Co. wishes to announce a new and positive cure for halitosis.

What do they do? They Throw a

## Made -- Not Born!

consider myself a genuine, triple-distilled connoisseur of fine food and drink.

It wasn't always thus. Only a few years ago I was the kind of guy who patronized eateries where quantity was more important than quality—and price more important than either. My gustatory vocabulary was

while discovery I made a few years back. In short, BSFL.

Yes, Big Scale Free Loading is my game. Reduced to simplest terms, it is simply the old sport of Party Crashing, with a number of added refinements that elevate it to the rank of a profession.

You see, in big cities the cocktail

Party. It may be a luncheon, a cocktail party or a full-scale banquet, complete with champagne. Money is no object; the best is barely good enough. The goal is to Make an Impact on customers, competitors and—most important of all—the Press.

With all this largesse being tossed around, it is only Continued p. 66





# THE COCKTAIL PARTY

A FIRST HAND REPORT  
ON THE MOST POPULAR  
NATIONAL PASTIME  
BETWEEN THE HOURS  
OF 5.00 AND .....

...THE  
BUSINESS EXEC WHO IS  
WORKING LATE...

'YES  
DEAR  
IT LOOKS LIKE  
A REAL LATE NIGHT...UP TO  
MY NECK IN PAPERS  
AND ALL THAT!

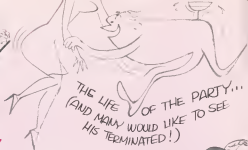
THIS  
CHARACTER  
CAN SMELL

A PARTY  
TEN

BLOCKS  
AWAY

HE  
FIGURES  
A BOTTLE  
OF VINO  
WILL GET

HIM IN ANY DOOR!



THE WOLF  
PACK  
READY TO  
CHALLENGE

THE  
DECLINE  
AND  
FALL  
OF THE  
AMERICAN  
MALE!

IM JUST  
A VICTIM OF SUBLIMINAL  
PERCEPTION!

THE HOST...  
GETS THE MOST,  
(HATS, COATS,  
UMBRELLAS ETC.)



NOW **THAT'S** WHAT  
I CALL A DRY GIBSON!



THERE'S MORE THAN ONE TYPE OF  
HORS D'OEUVRES



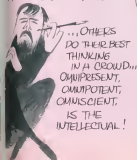
THE CORNER COUPLE BIT...  
STAGING THE REVINION



PROVIDE JUST THE  
KIND OF MOTIVATION  
RESEARCH.  
TAPE-HAPPY CHARLIE  
DIGS THE MOST!



THIS BROAD  
DOESN'T KNOW  
BARTOK FROM BASIE  
BUT SHE DOES KNOW  
HOW TO DRAW A CROWD.



...OTHERS  
DO THEIR BEST  
THINKING  
IN A CROWD...  
OMNIPRESENT,  
OMNIPOTENT,  
OMNISCIANT,  
IS THE  
INTELLECTUAL!

THERE'S ALWAYS ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD



WILLARD GOODMAN



**a phone-y story...**





**stripped to bare facts**



# MONKEY

BY JOEL CHARLES

## ON HER BACK





**E**ARLY in the year 1820 a British merchant ship, returning from a voyage to the East Indies, docked at Portsmouth and landed a monkey destined to become the sporting sensation of the British Isles. His name was Jacko, his claim to fame the fist challenge that he would fight and kill within five minutes any dog double his own weight (about ten pounds).

If a chimpanzee were to land in the U.S. today and challenge the heavyweight champion of the world to combat in the prize ring, he couldn't cause any more furor in sporting circles here than that caused by Jacko in 19th century England.

Dog-fighting was as popular a sport among the masses there as prize-fighting is in the U.S. today. Formal matches between fighting dogs took place in pits all over the country, under rules as strict as those now governing boxing and thousands of pounds were wagered on the ferocious fights. The canine champions of that day were as famous as Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis in our own time.

The widespread popularity of the sport was largely due to the recent development of one of the most vicious fighting machines ever known to man.

By crossing the English bulldog and the white English terrier, sportsmen created an entirely new breed endowed with indomitable courage and incomparable fighting instinct.

The bull terrier retained all the proverbial heart and tenacity of the bulldog strain, but the jaw had been lengthened to workmanlike proportions. From his terrier forebears he inherited keen intelligence, great agility and speed.

Pound for pound the bull terrier was the equal of any animal in the world, and in a rough slashing fight the master of any other breed of dog, regardless of size or weight. They weighed from 20 to 50 pounds and matches were made at specified weights.

Thin than was the gladiator por excellence. The suggestion that a monkey less than half his weight could lick him seemed preposterous.

As a matter of fact, Jacko was not really a monkey—he was an ape, the smallest and most agile of the species. About two feet tall, he had a slender, tail-less body and enor-

mously long, spindley arms. According to a contemporary description:

"Jacko is of that species of simian denominated the Gibbon, which sit with their forearms upon the ground. He is of a cindeous or ashy color, with black fingers and muzzle and the abdomen naked. He eats heartily and takes his portion of a pint of ale daily, and sometimes an extra pint with a sporting friend."

He was advertised as "open to attack of any dog not weighing above 20 pounds, for a bet of from \$5 to \$20 that the dog shall not tarry with him five minutes."

A match with a fighting dog was arranged, and Jacko disposed of his opponent well within the specified time. Then followed in swift succession a series of fights with the best bull terriers of Portsmouth, all of which the remarkable monkey won with the greatest of ease.

The more Jacko fought, the smarter he became. He perfected a masterful system of strategy and tactics. One eminent authority on the sport described Jacko in action thusly:

"Our hero's mode of attack, or rather defense, is to present his back or neck to the dog, then shift or tumble about until he is able to grasp a foreleg, whence he ascends to the windpipe, biting and clawing away, which

Continued p. 72

The paradoxical tale of

Puss, who was a ferocious

dog, of her master, Tom Cribb,

who was a champ until a

chimp made him a chump, and

of two bloody fights that

captured the imagination of en

ore when men battled until

they were knocked unconscious

and dogs fought to the death!

In his bout with Melynacuc, Cribb (r.) fought as ferociously as Puss would against Jacko.





marilyn wesley

# THE PIPS OF PAN

The Greek demi-god is still luring beautiful maidens to the woods, but today's lovelies are too smart to pay the piper!



Marking to the flute of Pan are beautiful nature lovers China Gerard (l.), Joyce Winfield (r.) and Patricia Simmons (below).



Pan never had it so good in days of old. The ancient Greeks had nothing comparable to pips like Paula Lynn (l.) and Flavia Francis (r.)



there's a basic purity in going for a romp with Pan which requires the undressed look of Eve before she bit the apple.



"**IT'S** GREEK to me," says the average fellow and never realizes that he's passing up many of the world's finest pleasures. He thinks ancient Greece was a stodgy place of wordy philosophers, dull, repetitive wars and musty culture. So, once his college days are behind him, he turns his back on things Grecian and looks to Brigitte Bardot, Erskine Caldwell and Dr. Kinsey to satisfy his ever-present curiosity about sex. In doing so, he misses out on the world's most ribald writing ("Lynxstrate" by Aristophanes for instance), its most revealing art (there's nothing—but nothing—as true-to-life naked as Greek sculpture) and a mode of existence which stressed nothing so much as the earthier joys. The symbol of all that was raucous in glorious Greece was the demi-god Pan. Half-man, half-goat, he was a merry, bearded figure with horns on his head and cloven hooves for feet. He was irresistible to women, according to legend, and his favorite trysting place was deep in the woodlands of Arcadia. These woods were his special province, but as worship of Pan spread, he came to be regarded as the special deity of all forests everywhere. And when a maiden ventured forth into the woods, it was said that she had been lured by Pan. There are those that think such attraction vanished with the crumbling of Greece. They couldn't be more wrong. Pan isn't dead. He is still cavorting over green fields, dancing temptingly through verdant foliage and gaily skipping across bubbling brooks. Wherever man's civilization is not, you'll find Pan. And you'll also find the sprightly wood-nymphs who even today proclaim his lure irresistible. One might think the old roose's heart would be gladdened at the provocative lasses who hark to the call of his flute, but such is not the case. These modern girls are wise to the ways of wolves—even when they're dressed in goats' clothing. Pan may seduce them to the woods, but woe to the man—or to Pan himself—who tries to convince them that Nature was meant for doin' what comes naturally. They may be as pure as the Grecian maidens, but they're not as innocent. Thus the demi-god of Greek fertility finds that although his worshippers are as numerous as ever, they honor him with naught but frustration.

Legend has it that Pan flipped over a wood-nymph named Syrinx. He might have left her in the woods if he'd seen Leo Kirk.



Playful Jos Leonard strikes a pose in imitation of Pan. She needn't worry, the pagan deity was famed for a robust sense of humor.



Audrey Storr (l.) looks on Pan as a charming fable, but lively beauty Zehra Nerbo believes.

They remind him of the one failure he encountered in his heyday, the failure that myth-tellers, even at this late date, won't let him live down. It seems that Pan was enamored of a nymph named Syrinx. He gave amorous chase and brought her to bay by a waterfall. However, before Pan could enjoy the fruits of his endeavors, her sister nymphs changed Syrinx into a reed. And to this day, Pan plays this reed, or syrinx, to lure beauty to his woodland lair. And beauty comes—in the form of multi-colored rainbows, sweet-singing birds and delicately blooming flowers—but never encased in the voluptuously swelling bodies of the young girls to whom he was once irresistible. Today's nature-loving lovelies may follow his pipes to the woods, they may even flirt with the Old Goat, but when it comes to paying the piper, they merely laugh teasingly and make tracks back to town. Sometimes Pan doubts if they really do believe in him. His doubts are needless. They believe in laughter and happiness. They believe in the wonders of Nature and the fun of being alive. They believe in the joy of romping through the woods and the tingling delight of bathing in a cool mountain stream. And if they believe in all this, they must believe in Pan—even if they aren't aware of it themselves. They may be enlightened, intelligent, even intellectual, but deep within themselves there is something that responds to the pagan appeal of Pan. The English language has no word for the reason behind such a response. But the Greeks had a word for it. The word, naturally, was: *Pan*.



The forests of California are far from Greece, but Pan is drawn to them by the appeal of girls like shopely Gail Welworth.

# Sauce for Mother Goose

NURSERY RHYMES are cursory rhymes because they're designed for children and brief verses are more easily retained by the child mind. This very brevity, however, makes for interesting interpretation when the adult eye scans them. Artist Joe Zabinaki is an adult (but not a typical one, as is proven by his foregoing Erskine Caldwell for Mother Goose in the first place) and in these time-honored poems for tots he found untold and double entendres galore. So, approaching his task in a state of mind worthy of a Balzac, or a Gauguin, he set out to illustrate Mother Goose in a manner suitable to the age of Kinsey and Brigitte Bardot. The results, we think, are as funny as they are clever.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,

She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.



Early to bed, early to rise;  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.



Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack jump over the candlestick.



Hickory, Dickory, Dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse came down;  
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
 Eating her curds and whey;  
 Along came Jack Spider, sat down beside her,  
 And played with Miss Muffet all day.



Tam, Tam the piper's son,  
 Met a pig who was full of fun;  
 The Pig was neat, and Tam was fleet,  
 And both went tripping down the street.



Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,  
 Kissed the girls and said goodbye;  
 When the girls came out to play,  
 Georgie Porgie ran away.





Watch this! — Roses make her sweeten!"



Jef may seem a delicate flower of Southern womanhood, but she's an expert on horseback and can outshoot and outwin most of her beau.



## SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

**Y**OU DON'T HAVE TO be a drinking man to derive Southern Comfort from the sight of an honest-to-Mason-Dixon belle like Jef Martis. Born in the magnolia country and raised midst the stuff of fresh-plucked cotton, Jef's a Dixie darlin' the staunchest Yankees drawl over. True to Southland form, she goes down the line for things southern: Fried chicken, mint juleps and humming grils for breakfast eat tape on the lat when Jef dispenses Southern hospitality, and the scent of honeysuckle, the sight of a Mississippi river boat, or the sound of a Rebel yell at a football game make her perk up her blond head with pride in the traditions of her native region. Her ancestors on both sides fought for the Confederacy and while Jef is willing to let bygones be bygones, woe betide the Northerner who displays a lack of respect for the Southern cause. Jef's as fiery as Scarlett O'Hara when she's mad, so you-all better look out! ●



Young bucks down Mobile way are a-whoopin'

Rebel yells to the glory o' Jef Martin, a Dixie

darlin' whose beauty makes Yankees drawl!

A true Southerner, her favorite book is "Gone With The Wind," play "Streetcar Named Desire," and song "'At's What I Like About The South."



Recently Jef made her first trip north to New York City. "I liked it," she says. "I was very impressed with the way everybody is always so busy. But I still prefer the slower pace of the South."



# SEX IS JUST A NUMBER AFTER FIVE



"Remember, after the wedding pass the word around that we're going to have a premature baby."



"There now! Did your mother ever bake you a cake like that?"

## THOSE INSPIRING SILK PANTIES

(Continued from page 2)

transparent whiteness. "They're so dandy and feminine."

"They're hand-made. I was assured that they're the only ones of their kind in all India."

"I believe it. They're so elegant I know I shall feel like a fallen woman when I wear them."

"Nonsense, my dear." He patted her bustle fondly. "Well, I'd better get down to my office and see what kind of mess those boobies have made in my absence."

The door was still swinging shut behind him as Wanda eagerly pulled up her skirts and wriggled out of the silky woolen bloomers she was wearing. "It's the sash for these," she promised herself. Then, with a sensuous feeling of pleasure, she slid the Colonel's present up the length of her slender legs and smoothed them over the swell of her hips. She sighed voluptuously at the silken caress on her skin.

Her enjoyment was interrupted by a knock at the door. She smoothed down her skirts. Captain Ronald Hawkins entered.

"Bonnie!" Wanda was surprised. "What are you doing here? Don't you know he's back?"

"Relax, dove. I know he's back. But at the moment he's in his office, knee-deep in back dispatches from Headquarters. We've got at least an hour before he tears himself away."

"An hour?" She smiled.

"Yes. And let's not waste it."

"Oh, you are a naughty boy."

"And you're a naughty girl."

"That's true. And I'm feeling particularly naughty this afternoon."

"At your service."

She placed a hand lightly on the back of his neck. "Then do your duty, Captain."

"In the face of the near-insurmountable obstacle of unpenetrated petticoats, I shall do my damndest."

"You have an ally, my darling!" Wanda stepped away from him and began slowly undoing the stays at the back of her dress.

He watched impatiently. Finally he said, "Let me help you."

"Please." Then, "Hurry! Oh, do hurry, sweetest..."

It was a little while later when, comfortably fatigued, Captain Hawkins noticed the lace panties lying carelessly on the floor. He stretched out his leg and appeared them up with his bare toe. "I say, Wanda, you are getting cho-cho," he teased.

She giggled. "Richard got them for me. Aren't they exquisite?"

"Quite. And so much better suited to adultery than mere prosaic marriage relations."

"Bonnie!" Her voice was hurt.

"Sorry, dove. It's just that when

I think of you and that old—Well, it seems such a waste."

"He's not so old."

"If he weren't," answered the Captain, dropping the panties back on the floor and getting to his feet, "I wouldn't be here." He began putting on his uniform, meticulously tugging out the wrinkles.

Wanda watched him lovingly. As he pulled tight the laces on his boots, she said, "You know, he's quite jealous of you."

"Do you think he's getting suspicious?"

"It's hard to say. Don't underestimate him."

"I don't, I—" The Captain's glance had strayed casually to the window. He froze. The Colonel was striding across the parade ground, making straight for the house. "Wanda, he's coming!" he shouted out.

"What? Oh! Oh!" She ran frantically about the room, gathering up her carelessly discarded clothing and then dove into the kitchen. Just as the Captain heard the Colonel's footsteps on the porch, he sped the panties on the floor at his feet. Hastily he bent down, picked them up and shoved them in his jacket pocket.

"Hullo Hawkins, what are you doing here?" the Colonel greeted him. "Where's Wanda?"

"In the kitchen making tea, Sir." The Colonel made for the kitchen.

"Sir," said the Captain hastily. "If I might speak to you—"

"Yes Hawkins, what is it?"

"Well, Sir, I'm overdue for leave and I wondered—"

"Sorry, Hawkins, quite out of the question. I'm afraid we've had some bad news from Headquarters. Bata-shu has risen up again. We have to ride out immediately to intercept him. The bugler will be sounding the call to arms any moment now. I just stopped off to bid my wife goodbye."

"What's that, Richard?" Wanda came through the door from the kitchen. Not a hair was out of place. "Don't tell me you're going to leave me alone again."

"Afraid so, m'dear." The Colonel explained hastily. Then he turned to the Captain. "You'd better see to your men, Hawkins."

"Yes, Sir." Hawkins saluted.

"I don't like him being here when I'm not home," the Colonel said to Wanda after Hawkins left.

"You're just a jealous bear!"

"Perhaps. But I don't trust him."

"Do you trust me?"

"Well, after all, you're very young, m'love."

"That's not very flattering."

"I'm sorry. At any rate, there's no time to discuss it now. I have to go." He bent over to kiss Wanda

and abruptly pulled back. He sneezed mightily.

"You've caught a cold," she said.

"Fraid so."

"Do you have enough handkerchiefs?"

"I never carry handkerchiefs into battle."

"What?"

"That's right, sweetheart. It's traditional with commanders in India. You see, a handkerchief can be used as a flag of surrender. The theory is that carrying one presents a temptation when the going gets sticky."

"That's ridiculous."

"You're probably right. But for the sake of the morale of my troops, I'm afraid I shall have to rely on my sleeve." He walked to the window.

"The men are ready. I must be going. Goodbye, my darling."

"Goodbye, sweetest."

Wanda watched as the regiment marched out, their lances catching the glow of the setting sun. Captain Hawkins thanked the Colonel, the incommunicating frowns in his jacket pocket forgotten as he listened to the strategy they would follow.

"Three hours' march will bring us to the Lau Woods," the Colonel was saying. "Bata-shu is encamped on the other side of the forest. We'll camp on this side tonight. In the morning, we'll march around the woods and try to get behind him."

The next morning found them following this plan. They cleared the woods easily and began the process of getting behind Bata-shu's lines by marching single-file through a narrow gully that bypassed them.

Squatting high above the gully behind a rock, Bata-shu watched the snaking movement with satisfaction. He looked across the gully to the dummy fortifications he had set up and chuckled to himself. He stood up and raised his arm high over his head. A thousand spears drew back in readiness. A burning brand was brought to within an inch of the languard of an aged cannon. Some 300 outmanned muskets poked their snouts from the wall of the cliff overlooking the gully.

Bata-shu let his arm fall.

So bloody unexpected, thought the Colonel dazedly. So damned sudden! He lay flat on his belly and tried to think. Fully two-thirds of his force had been left behind in that hellish gully. Most of them were dead. The means of those that weren't still occasionally pierced the air.

The Colonel was a realist. After eight hours under the blistering Asian sun he knew he had to surrender. Every hour that passed had seen three or four more of his men picked off. For them all to die would serve no purpose.

I should have listened to Wanda and taken a handkerchief, the Colonel thought wryly. Then he realized that he would indeed need a

# LOVE FEVER



Of all the d's that Bob is here in, none is more devastating than LOVE FEVER. See this most revealing Anatomy of Love for the instruction of honorable men and women. Learn from the experts, all you would-be Casanovas: all you Lovers, the strange and unusual complications. Learn how to control or getting the defilement, how to shake it up! Rally to these true words and (dark fiction) under seal of just also full-page pictures in the mind. Guaranteed to raise your temperature and keep it up!

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handkerchief, or some bit of white cloth to signal surrender.

Captain Hawkins was burrowed in at his side "Hawkins," the Colonel whispered, "I'm going to surrender."

"I'm afraid it's the only course, Sir," said Hawkins.

"Do you have a handkerchief?" the Colonel started to ask. Then, spying a bit of white cloth sticking out of Hawkins' jacket pocket, he answered without waiting for an answer. "This will do." He reached for the material and drew it forth.

The Colonel's jaw dropped as he held up the pocket. For a moment his eyes locked Hawkins' incomprehendingly. Then, with a roar, he leaped to his feet and unbreathed his sword.

Hawkins rolled frantically away from the first thrust. He scrambled to his feet and fled the outraged Colonel. There was only one direction to flee; toward the forces of Hatcher. Swinging his sword over his head, the Colonel followed.

An alert sergeant-major was instantly aware of the Colonel's action and quite naturally leaped to the wrong conclusion. "Charge!" he cried and followed the Colonel. His comrades rose to the cry and rushed

ed to do battle with the enemy.

"... Yes, Colonel Richard Wetherell's bravery should be an inspiration to all. Unhappily he led his outnumbered force into the jaws of death. He might have surrendered, but surrender is not in the nature of men like Colonel Wetherell. He could not be so ignominious as to face his superiors in defeat, so ignominious as to lay down his sword in the service of his Queen, so unmanly as to return to his beloved wife such bloody brand.

"He preferred to die. He could have brought no greater honor to his country, his sovereign and his widow. And so it is with the deepest sense of homage that I, in the name of Her Majesty, posthumously bestow the Victoria Cross on Colonel Richard Wetherell. It is right that his widow should accept this award, for the Colonel's final devotion was well known to those of us privileged to serve with him. Undoubtedly his last thoughts were of his wife. Will Mrs. Wanda Wetherell step forward and accept the award please?"



## A LIBERAL EDUCATION

(Continued from page 23)

"Nietzsche is really much misunderstood," she was saying. "His theory really outlined mental and spiritual superiority, not physical strength."

"Ummm," Bob said. At Artie's suggestion, he'd based up on Nietzsche, but Irene was talking rants around him. Desperately he wracked his brain and tossed out the first Nietzschean phrase he remembered. "Sure, take what he said about men and women. 'Goest thou to a woman? Take thy whip!'"

Irene looked at him coldly. "Are you trying to be sarcastic?"

"No. Not at all," Bob protested, flustered. "I just meant—He didn't know what he meant, so he tried to speak around left and 'I mean, in sort of ties in with what Freud said about sex and sadism'."

"Freud was speaking of abnormal relationships," she said truly.

"Yes. Well. Of course—"

"Unless you think sex is of itself abnormal?"

"No. No. I mean, Kinsey proved that everybody does it. I mean, where would we all be if they didn't? Take yourself, for instance. You'd never even have been born if your parents hadn't—"

"Kindly leave my parents out of this discussion."

"No offense! No offense!" Bob said wildly. "I only meant that sex is natural, almost inevitable between two young healthy people—"

"It is not inevitable!"

Artie was waiting up when Bob dragged into their room. One look at him told the story. "You goofed it," he said disbelievingly.

"I goofed it?"

"How? What went wrong?"

"Never mind, Artie. What's the difference? I'm a lost cause."

"Lost cause, hell! It's at first you don't succeed—Let's see. Let me think a minute. With all the girls on this campus, one's got to go for you." After awhile, Artie pounded his fist on the table and his eyes lit up. "Betty On-the-rocks!"

"Huh?"

"Betty Jansen. That's what they call her; Betty On-the-rocks. Because the fellows used to take her out back of the quarry when she was a frosh. The story is that she's been there so many times there she shows unbedded in her back."

Bob looked interested. "From the looks of her, there's a couple of boulders in front, too."

"Now listen. Artie crossed over and sat on the edge of Bob's bed. "Anybody—but anybody—can hit with Betty. The thing to remember is that she's strictly a good-time chick. Give her a few laughs and she just naturally shows her gratitude. I don't know, maybe her wares got crossed, but the more she laughs, the more passionate she gets. You start memorizing gaps and I'll set up a date."

"Joe Aiken told me that one last week," Betty said. They were sitting

ting in the parlor of her sorority house. They were the only ones in the place. All the other girls had gone to a dance at Rufford U., some fifty miles away. The house mother was away for the weekend.

Bob nudged across the couch towards Betty. "There was this guy who loved Boston Baked Scrod, see. The only place they make it right, of course, is Boston. So he landed on Boston once after being away for a year, see. He hepped in a cab and he said, 'Driver, take me some place where I can get Scrod.' And the driver said—"

"You're the first fellow that ever asked me that in the past pluperfect subjunctive," Betty finished. "I heard that one in my freshman year."

"Oh. Well how about this one?" Bob persisted doggedly. "A guy comes home and finds his wife's lover asleep in his bed. 'What's the big idea?' he roars at her. 'The big idea' the wife yells back. 'Who do you think pays the rent around here? Who do you think buys the food? Who do you think's paying off the TV set? Not you, you bum! Him, that's who!' And the husband says—"

"Cover him up before he catches cold," quoted Betty. "That gag used to wow 'em in vaudeville."

"Ummm. Well, how about the call girl who had to quit because—"

"A furniture salesman sold her a bed she couldn't go wrong on," Betty said wearily.

"The field mouse who was caught in a threshing machine and when she finally escaped, she ran home and told her mother—"

"I've been trapped," Betty looked at him and shook her head. "Bob, I don't like to say this, but you know something? You don't really have much of a sense of humor."

"Flunked out again, huh," Artie said disgustedly.

Bob nodded. "I don't know what it is with you, Bob, I just don't know."

"I just can't seem to talk to girls," Artie drew a breath. "Well, then," he said firmly, "we'll have to find a girl you don't have to talk to." And how many deaf mutes do you have in that little black book?"

"Quiet, I'm thinking."

Bob was quiet. Suddenly Artie drew his breath in sharply. "Rome!" he exclaimed. "Of course, Rome!"

"Who's Rome?"

"She's the answer to your problem, Bob my boy. For one thing, she's not interested in conversation. For another, she's not a college girl. She's a car-hop. For a third, scoring with Rome is just a matter of plying her with liquor."

"I really like to go out with college boys," Rome was saying as she peered through the smoky atmosphere of the roadhouse at Bob. "They're always such gentlemen."

"Have another drink," Bob said.

"I don't mind," answered Rome. "What I mean, a girl like me don't get to meet many real gentle Workin' as a car-hop as' all. I only get to make the acquaintance of truck drivers an' wise-guy salicemen."

"Have another drink," Bob said. "I don't mind."

"Those kinda fellas can't keep their paws to themselves. I ain't no prode, but—"

"Have another drink," Bob said. "I don't mind."

After six or seven more "I don't minds," Bob guided Rome out to the car. A few moments later they pulled up in front of her rooming house. "Wouldja like to come in for a nightcap?" asked Rome.

One nightcap led to another, and soon her whiskey-scented lips clung to his eagerly. Nor did the object when Bob's fingers slyly began inching down the zipper at the back of her dress.

Finally she led him into the bedroom. He bent to kiss her. Then, suddenly, she pulled away. Her eyes clouded her eyes. She pushed both her hands to her mouth and made a dive for the bathroom.

Bob sat stunned for a moment. Finally he got up and walked to the doorway. "Can I do anything?"

"Go 'way, Jus' go 'way."

"Ahh, you'll be better soon."

"Never. Never. I'm gonna die. An' it's all your fault. I'm gonna die from that lousy rotgut ya been pourin' into me."

"Come on. It'll pass, and then—"

"An' then nothin', Joe College. Nothin', hear me? Nature's reverse Law of Gravity cut her short."

All that good liquor going to waste, Bob thought as he listened. He shuddered, pulled on his shirt and pants, threw his jacket and tie over his arm, and left.

"I said give her a few drinks, not get her polluted, you bonthead," Artie shouted.

"I know, Artie," said Bob miserably.

"You're hopeless."

"Yes, Artie."

"I'm through trying to help you."

"I don't blame you, Artie."

In the weeks that followed, Bob made no more dates. And Artie offered no more help.

Then Artie came in one evening and asked Bob to double-date with him. "Jud Lewis was supposed to go," he explained, "but he's sick."

Bob carefully placed the book he was reading on the desk. "Now Artie," he began, "I thought we'd decided that it was no use."

"No! No," Artie insisted vigorously. "You've got it all wrong. As far as I'm concerned, you can live out your college days in celibacy. Even if you were Casanova himself, you couldn't make out with this chick."

"Doesn't sound like your type."

"She ain't. And she's not my date, either. Now my date, on the other

hand—" Artie rolled his eyes. "I'm just asking you to do me a favor."

"What have I got to lose?"

Her name was Laura Carter and if she was as pure as Artie said, it was sure a waste. A small girl, her proportions were well-nigh perfect. Her legs were shapely. Her waist was as tiny as a child's. But she was no child. Raising his eyes to the globular, wonderfully delineated twin badges of womanliness which pushed her too-tight sweater skyward, proved that.

They went dancing at a roadhouse and then giled into Artie's car. Surely, Artie drove to a secluded spot where they could "enjoy the view" and parked. The only trouble was that Bob and Laura couldn't see the view because Artie and his date kept bobbing their heads up and down as they necked. He was glad when Laura suggested that they get out of the car to "at least get one look at this fabulous view of Artie's."

"You're a funny boy, Bob," she said as they strolled arm-in-arm.

"How so?"

"Well, look at Artie. I can't picture being alone with him in the woods without having to fight off a damn panther. Not just me. Any girl."

"Artie's an operator. I'm not."

"I guess we're the perfect couple," she giggled. "I'm supposed to be afraid and you're—"

"The Strike-out King of the campus," he brushed for her. "The difference is that I've tried and failed, while you've never tried."

"I guess it's because I'm afraid of being laughed at."

"Laughed at? What man in his right mind'd laugh at you?"

"I'm so inexperienced."

He looked at her hard. Then he gave a short laugh. "Well, you're sure in the right company."

"Yes, I think so too." Her voice was the barest whisper. Bob felt his body tense. There was no mistaking the meaning in her eyes.

He kissed her. The length of her body pressed against his hand.

"Oh, I liked that," she sighed.

Bob kissed her again. Awkwardly, she guided his hands over her body. Disbelievingly, he found himself fumbling with buttons. "It could only be you," she sighed as they slipped to the ground.

Artie was waiting impatiently. "Where have you been?" he asked.

Bob and Laura just smiled.

Artie looked at them. He took in Laura's rumpled sweater and the lead sticking out of her hair. He observed Bob's carelessly retied tie and smug expression. He pursed his lips in amazement.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "I'll be everlastingly damned!"



## PORTRAIT OF A GAGWRITER

(Continued from page 18)

reminders, "and the boss bawled me out for coming to work an hour late. I told him I'd make up for it by going home that night an hour early."

Another time he worked as a salesman of advertising space. He came into the office one evening and jubilantly told the sales manager he had obtained two orders from a client.

"Good," said the boss, rubbing his hands. "What were they?"

"The first order," said Burton, "was 'Get out!' The other was 'Stay out!'"

"That's very funny," said the sales manager, "because I have the same two orders for you!"

He was fired by Columbia Pictures, where he was an assistant publisher, by Hy Gardner, the columnist, who was then a press agent; and by Paul Costes, also a TV personality now, but then a columnist.

Then someone suggested he ought to try writing for radio comedians, so he sat down and bailed out a sketch for Henry Youngman. It was turned down.

George Q. Lewis, who headed an organization known as the Gag Writers Institute, suggested that Jay try writing a monologue for Bob Hope.

Jay wrote two dozen full pages of jokes and despatched them to Hope. Two days later Hope called him.

"Some of this stuff ain't bad," Hope said, encouragingly. "In a few days I'm doing a benefit and I'll need some special material. Would you like to do some stuff for me on speculation?"

Back to the typewriter Burton dashed. He pecked away furiously, filling up another two dozen pages, which he promptly sent to Bob Hope. Three followed a week of agonized suspense. Then came another call.

"Jay boy," announced Hope, "your stuff wasn't bad. I used one line, for which you'll get a check."

Burton gulped.

"But I think I can use you. How much money would you need to work steadily for me?"

"Four hundred a week."

"I'll give you one-fifty."

"It's a deal," Burton answered.

Burton asked for a raise when that first year, but never got anywhere. One day he cornered Hope and said:

"Mr. Hope, I wish you'd do me a favor. I'd like a reduction in salary."

"A reduction?" Bob gasped in amazement. "Well, I don't see why it can't be arranged. But why?"

"It's like this," Burton explained, "I can't go on working for the same dough, and if I can't get a change for more, I'll take a change for less."

At the end of the next week he found \$50 tucked on his check.

Burton remained with Hope for two years, then left Hollywood for New York, where Milton Berle was

laying plans to enter television. He asked if Jay would be interested in writing a sample script for him "on spec," and Jay readily agreed. The job he did was so full of dynamite that Berle immediately hired him on a permanent basis. He remained with the famous comic for more than seven years. For a while after that he worked for Robert Q. Lewis, then leached on to the Perry Como assignment. That one looks as if it will last forever.

Today, top gag men do not sign up by the week, or even on a 12-week basis, but for the length of "the season," which may mean 13 weeks over a half-year period, or 26 weeks consecutively, at a salary of anywhere from \$1,200 to \$4,000 a week.

Such super-jokesmiths as Goodman Ace—who is head writer on the Como show—and Nat Hiken have special contracts whereby they are retained for an entire year at an annual salary of \$300,000. A beginning writer may get as little as \$150 a week, but if he proves his worth, the raises come quickly.

Putting out a complete script is a back-breaking piece of business. When the show is produced every week, the writers must meet at least five days a week for consultations. The Como crew assembles in an office in midtown New York, with Goodman Ace in the role of foreman. Other members of the team are Burton, George Foster and Mort Green. They must also be present at rehearsals, for often it is necessary to add material or delete it, depending on the time involved.

First business is to think up a "premise." That is the general situation or locale of the script. With that established, the jokes are written around it. The gag men begin to rack their brains for jokes that are appropriate to the particular situation. The meetings usually consist of a great deal of talk, with the head writer deciding which gags are worthy of being held. Another gag man is detailed to make notes of the acceptable material.

"How a script is eventually hacked out of all this chaos at the end of a week is an everlasting mystery to me," Burton says, "but somehow we always manage to come up with one."

Being a gag man, Burton just can't confine his proclivities toward humor to his professional life. His overwhelming sense of comedy is always asserting itself, and often in a most intelligent fashion.

When you meet him, he is quite likely to hand you a small calling card, with the words "Yes, Perry is really a nice guy" printed on it. "I got so tired of having people ask me

if Como was actually as nice a guy as he appears on television, that I had the cards made up, to save the trouble of explaining," he says.

In 1956 Burton was runner-up in the annual golf tourney sponsored by Como every year. He was awarded a small silver cup, which he took home and placed in a closet. The following year he again entered the tournament, but failed to win a prize. At the banquet that followed the event, Burton made a short speech, then presented Como with the same cup he had won the year before. It was virtually black with tarnish.

Anything but a clothes horse, Jay was constantly being kidded by his fellow writers on the team because of his slovenly dress. One morning, following a particularly hard riding on the subject, Burton showed up for the conference unapologetically clad in a rented tuxedo.

He is unmarried and lives in a comfortable bachelor apartment on New York's Central Park West. He golfs when time permits and has recently taken up tennis. Burton is investing his earnings in real estate and hopes that when—if ever—the day comes when he hasn't got the touch for gag writing, he'll be comfortably fixed.

A typical working day will see Burton out of bed and ready for business at 10:30. Half an hour later he will be at the writers' conference room, and they'll remain at work until around five P.M. They take no time out for luncheon, but if anyone wants food, it is ordered from outside and delivered. After five, when most of us are calling it a day, he'll often return to his home and work on special material for Como.

While all direct contact with Como and the sponsor and producer is handled by Goodman Ace, Burton must be available at any time of day or night. He is constantly in touch with Ace in the event that there is a crisis, such as an entire scene that must be rewritten, or the failure of a guest star to appear.

What sort of training should a man have to become a gag man? It's impossible to put it down as anything definite, in Jay's opinion. "I fopped at dozens of various things before I found there was something I could do well," he says. Good gag writers have come from the ranks of office workers, shoe salesmen, commercial artists, press agents and even taxi drivers.

"I guess," he summarizes, "the finest equipment a fellow can have if he wants to become a gag man is to have a nice, big round hole in his head."







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## THE MAN WHO OUTLIVED HIMSELF

(Continued from page 39)

virtual eclipse for the final decade of his life.

But the rose-strewn path he trod through the good years was enough to counterbalance the agony of his later ones. He himself must have had some foreboding of what lay ahead when he wrote how, shortly after his great initial success, he sat alone one day on a New York bus, "riding between very tall buildings under a mauve and rosy sky, and bawled because I had everything I wanted and I knew I could never be so happy again." Prophetic words indeed!

Fitzgerald wrote with marvellous insight into the lives, the excesses and the failures, the hopes and dreams, the murky sex drives and the windy bleakness of the fun-loving young men and women of his time. This was only natural, for he and his wife were part and parcel of the group, often referred to during the period as *Fleming Youth*. Gifted with extraordinary good looks, dynamic energy, brilliant talent and terrific personal charm, the Fitzgeralds lived every minute of every day as if it were their last on earth.

Small, slightly under 5 feet 8 inches, and slim, Fitzgerald was as handsome as any movie star. His features were sensitive and finely chiselled, his hair yellow blonde and wavy, his skin unusually fair. Zelda was almost as tall as he with luscious, red-gold hair, smouldering eyes and a slender, graceful figure. In the early years she used scarcely any make-up and had the typical air of the outdoor girl, with a deep sunken.

She was the daughter of an Alabama Supreme Court Judge whom Scott had met when he was stationed near Montgomery during World War I. He immediately fell madly in love with her, and proposed almost at once, but she refused to marry him until he had attained some degree of success. When his first novel was published and met with terrific acclaim, she came up to New York and they were married April 3, 1925, in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

"America was going on the grandest, gaudiest spree in history," he was later to write. "The whole golden boom was in the air... its splendid generosity, its outrageous corruptions and the torturous death struggle of the old America in Prohibition." It was Scott Fitzgerald who gave the era its cognomen, "The Jazz Age."

Their honeymoon was a mad succession of parties. The Valsted Act had just laid its dry hand on the nation and the years of bathtub gin and the bootlegger were about to begin. They rode down Fifth Avenue on the tops of taxis because "it was

too hot inside." They dove into fountains at Union and Plaza Squares with their clothes on. They arrived at parties three hours late, politely apologized and promptly fell asleep. Once Scott explained that he would have been on time except for a slight accident. "I was run over by a bus," he casually remarked.

During one gay affair at the ancient Delmonico's, Fitzgerald and a pal slipped out and went to a popular-priced restaurant on Columbus Circle. Before a gaping crowd of late stayers-uppers, Scott borrowed a derby hat from a stranger, and calmly dropped a plate of hash, several eggs and a bottle of catsup into it. He then stood on a table and made a speech, explaining that Columbus Circle wasn't really curved. "It just looks that way because I'm drunk." They polished off the evening by going back to their hotel and breakfasting on shredded wheat and champagne.

That's how it was in the golden years of the Fitzgeralds' skyrocket career. They went to London for a brief visit and met the famous writer, James Joyce. To indicate the reverence he felt on being in the presence of the great Irish novelist, Fitzgerald announced that he would show his abasement by leaping out of the window. He had to be forcibly restrained. "A strange young man," Joyce commented, "he should be watched lest he harm himself."

Years later Fitzgerald was to evidence a similar weird desire to show his appreciation of the talents of writers he admired. With his good friend and drinking companion, the late Ring Lardner, Scott went to the huge Long Island estate of a prominent publisher who was playing host to the British-Polish author, Joseph Conrad.

Unable to pay their respects in the usual way—by calling at the front entrance—because of the lateness of the hour, Fitzgerald and Lardner decided to show their homage by staging a dance on the spacious lawn. The result was that they were tossed off the grounds and arrested for creating a drunken disturbance. Conrad probably slept through the performance.

On another occasion in Italy, he and an equally intoxicated friend broke into a small cove, huddled up all the silverware, tied up the proprietor and his waiters and earned them all off to the edge of a cliff, where only the intervention of bystanders prevented them from dropping everything over the precipice.

It was in Italy, too, that the Fitzgeralds attended a farewell party for a pair of nobodies who were return-

ing to the U.S. The party was apparently much too dull for the effervescent Zeldas, who suddenly leaped on a table and yelled: "A fine party this is! Everyone's saying nice things about our guests, but nobody has given them any gifts. I'm going to start it!"

With that she quickly undid her black lace panties, whirled them over her head and tossed them to the guests of honor. It was a real icebreaker, the signal for others to follow her lead.

The Fitzgeralds were never able to remain long in any one place. From New York they went to St. Paul, where their daughter, Frances, was born. From St. Paul back to New York... to Paris... to Rome... to the Riviera... to Hollywood... to Florida... to Delaware... then back to New York again... always on the move, always pretending that all they wanted was peace and quiet and always living in an uproar of their own making.

When the pressure for money was overpowering, Scott could always go to Hollywood and earn large sums by writing for the movies. He was immensely popular with a group that included Carmel Myers, Lois Moran, John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, John Monk Saunders, Mary Pickford and others. At a party given by Lois Moran, he distinguished himself by collecting watches and jewelry from the group, then tossing the whole mess, with several cans of tomato soup, into a pot and boiling it on the stove.

But the gags started wearing then as the years rolled on. The party was over, but the Fitzgeralds wouldn't go home.

Scott and Zelda were drinking more than ever, and—a new development—they found themselves fighting bitterly after each spree.

After a mad party at Jean-Jes-Pans in France, a friend reported, Zelda suddenly got up from her table, walked to the deserted dance floor and began dancing wildly—all by herself—to non-existent music.

Zelda was becoming morose. She was confined to a sanatorium for a long period—the first of many such internments.

Fitzgerald, too, was cracking up. He had developed tuberculosis. A friend tells how Scott told him he had gone "on the wagon for good."

The very same evening, Fitzgerald walked to a cabinet, removed a bottle of gin, poured himself a generous hooker, swallowed it in one gulp, then remarked: "Did I just have a drink of gin? I believe I did."

In the Summer of 1940, Fitzgerald was again in Hollywood, hard at work on "The Last Tycoon," and occasionally writing for the movies. In November a severe heart attack felled him, but he continued to

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write, although he had to spend most of the time in bed. Less than a month later, a second heart attack struck. This one was fatal.

Only a handful of people visited the funeral parlor where he was laid out, looking, as one of them said, "like a cross between a floor-walker and a wax dummy in the window of a two-pants tailor." The writer Dorothy Parker was one who went. She looked at him a long time, then murmured, "The poor son-of-a-bitch."

Although he wrote a great deal about the very social and the very rich, Fitzgerald was neither. He was born to a middle-class family in St. Paul, Minn., where his father, Edward, a gentle, intellectual man of Southern heritage, held a number of white-collar jobs, none of them profitable. His mother's people, descended from Irish immigrants, had amassed some money, and it was thanks to a maternal aunt that he was able to go to two excellent private schools before enrolling at Princeton.

At college Fitzgerald was no great

scholar, although he wrote musical comedies and plays for the dramatic groups. He was actually dropped from school at one period and was making arrangements to return when the war intervened. He obtained a commission and was described by an officer as "the world's worst second lieutenant." He spent the duration of the war in training on this side of the ocean.

Fitzgerald never earned a penny as anything but a writer, although he once took a job writing advertising copy. At another time he took a job as carpenter while waiting word on his first novel, but he quit before getting paid.

Whatever moralists may say about the unhappy, wasteful life of F. Scott Fitzgerald, none could ever deny his talent. "He was a natural writer," a critic has said. "Everything in life was material. Even the breaking of his own heart was a sound to be listened to and written about."



## BON VIVANTS ARE MADE

(Continued from page 43)

natural that a lot of smart operators—like myself—are attracted by the delectable odor of free grub and booze. I venture to say there are thousands of part-time free-loaders in New York and I hazard the guess that they must consume close to \$1,000,000 worth of choice vintages and liquors in a year.

How do we go about our work? What equipment do we need? What credentials must we be prepared to show? Don't we run a lot of risks?

To answer the last question first, no risk at all! The worst, the very ultimate penalty, that can befall a party-crasher is to be tossed out—and unless he is a bootstrapper, uncooled lout, the tossing will be smooth and polite. In fact, only a helplessly clumsy operator lets himself in for even that. After all, trying to be a guest at a party where you are not invited is no crime, not even a misdemeanor. It is classified merely as a gaffe, or social blunder.

As to equipment, all that any BSFL man needs is a couple of decent suits—you shouldn't always be dressed the same—a shine on his shoes, clean linen, an adequate command of the English tongue and enough sense to carry on an inane conversation. Knowledge of ordinary parlor manners is a help, of course.

But perhaps it would be best if I start at the beginning and describe my own introduction to the fine art of BSFL. The momentous event occurred a few years ago when my insurance firm engaged a ballroom at a swanky New York hotel for a

cocktail party to celebrate the 79th year of its existence.

Mingling with people you see five days a week—even watching them as they enter the various stages of intoxication—can be a pretty boring business, so I found myself straying from the room assigned to our party and wandering down the hall. From an adjoining salon I heard noises of great gusto, so I pecked in. The sight of a number of good-looking women perked me up, so I stepped a bit farther into the room. As I stood gazing a courteous waiter thrust a Martini in my hand.

"This is what you ordered, sir?" I could only nod assent. I had just taken a gulp of the drink when a short, bustling-type woman rushed to my side and promptly took me in tow. "I do want you to meet our guest of honor," she gurgled, dragging me to a table. Seated there, to my utter amazement, was none other than Kim Novak! It was no task at all to recognize immediately her lush, lavender-blond beauty.

"Now, er, what was your name again?" the bustling little woman asked me.

I stifled the impulse to say it was the same name I had before, and, because I was so flustered by the entire event, gave her my right moniker.

"Oh yes, of course, Leonard Perry. How could I have forgotten!" she said, whereupon she presented me to the movie star. I blurted out a couple of polite sentences, following which I was happily ignored by

everyone except the attentive waiter, who promptly pressed another martini into my sweating hand.

In due time I muttered a farewell to no one in particular and staggered back to where the insurance party was dragging toward its dull close. But the germ had been planted! I had walked right into the middle of a cocktail party in honor of Miss Novak, given by her movie company, and not a soul had challenged my right to be there. Instead of being questioned, I had been welcomed. With cocktails, canapés and broad smiles, to boot.

This was far too good a thing to let go. Like the amateur better who hits a \$178 daily double on his first visit to the racetrack, I felt like asking, "How long has this been going on?"

A week later I read in a Broadway column that Gregory Peck would be honored at a cocktail party by another motion picture firm. By phoning three swanky hotels and making discreet inquiries, I learned where the affair would be held and decided I'd try my luck for some more of the same gracious treatment. It worked. Again I was pressed to meet the guest of honor and again I was overwhelmed with drinks by bowing flunkies.

No one asked for credentials. No one asked anything. There was a desk at the door and a number of busy people making frantic sounds as they huddled around it, looking at lists of invited guests and checking off things. But when I walked right on through, with a broad smile at the great wide world, nobody paid any attention. I just breezed past.

Now that I'm an experienced hand, I have the answer. The people giving the party are deathly frightened of offending anyone, especially a newspaperman, by not recognizing him, so they play it safe by being agreeable to anyone who seems to know what he is doing. Once inside, one has only to do as others do to escape detection as a phony.

I believe that the movie people think I'm a member of the press—from a newspaper, magazine, or even radio or TV network. The other press people, on the other hand, believe me to be some sort of employee of the company that is giving the affair. By steering a cautious middle course, I satisfy everyone.

For perhaps six months I confined my activities to cocktail parties, generally getting my leads from the papers. Then I found a strange thing had happened. Because I'd been seen so often on the circuit, I was accepted by everybody. You'd be surprised to see how many of "the same old faces" one sees at these things.

It's the kind of situation that feeds

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TANTALIZING! TORRID!

on itself, so to speak. By attending one cocktail party I would learn of several more scheduled to take place shortly after I began to get automatic invitations—all verbal, of course, because no one knew either my name, address or business affiliation.

Soon I found myself attending luncheons at such lush watering places as Toots Shor's, Twenty-One, Sardi's and all the big hotels. The method of cranking was similar, although the host's guard was usually a bit higher. I was always quite safe in muttering "Press" and shuffling in my pocket for a moment, as if searching for a card or my invitation. I kept walking, though, and never let anyone press me.

Inevitably I graduated to the highest form of BSFL—the dinner and banquet department. Just as the cocktail parties led to luncheons, the luncheons led to dinners and the dinners to the white-tie-and-tails but I went so far as to invest in a fine form-fitting formal costume, although I'd advise a newcomer to the market to rent one.

The main hazard in the dinner branch of BSFL is the hat-passing. You know the kind of thing—Mr. So-and-so has just pledged \$10,000 to The Fund for Perseus Drinks. In a moment ushers will pass among you with pledges. Please give generously." If you're not at the press table—the press, of course, isn't expected to ante up—your smartest move is to rush to the gents' room until the storm is over. Experience will teach you how to avoid the expensive bite.

Avoid the small, intimate parties at fine, exclusive restaurants until you have made enough friends to warrant your not being bothered. Once this mob has accepted you, however, it's amazing how they look on you as one of themselves and treat you accordingly.

Now, I'm sure that some ambitious young men who aspire to become members of the BSFL association would appreciate a few words of advice from a veteran. I would like, then, to pass on the following rules:

1—Always be really, though not ostentatiously dressed. Your appearance should be such as to pass you as a member of the press or publicity staff of an organization. Too flamboyant clothes make you stand out, and that means undue attention, which you must avoid.

2—Never be among the first to arrive at a cocktail party. Allow anywhere from 30 minutes to an hour to elapse after the announced starting time. When you get there, everyone—including the people at the desk who greet you—has had a chance to become mellow and friendly.

3—Always exude confidence. Nev-

er act as if you are unsure of yourself. Behave as if you were doing the hosts a favor by appearing. Show a little, but not too much, annoyance if anyone asks who you are. Answer such questions with your own questions. "What's the matter isn't the New York Times welcome here?" If a New York Times man happens to be there, and you have to confront him, pretend you're a new reporter and got the wrong assignment. Ask him to join you in a drink and talk about something else.

4—If you're not sure where to go when out on a free-loading assignment, go to any of the top hotels. There is a bulletin board in the lobby that announces every affair for the day. Pick the likeliest sounding one. It's best to have some idea of the type of people you'll run into, for you may have to make some small talk.

5—The safest way to enter a ballroom or cocktail party salon is to sail through, with an excited smile on your face. If anyone should stop you, look over his or her head to the center of the room, as if searching for someone. Then suddenly shout "Hi there, Budley, old boy!" and rush on. In you may even go so far as to begin talking with someone inside the room. Even if he doesn't

know you, he'll probably pretend he does.

6—Never admit to anyone, especially any of the lovely young ladies you'll run into, that you're not what you seem. Once you are marked as an interloper, they'll be on guard for you the next time, and you'd be surprised at how word can spread in these gatherings.

In connection with this last rule, a weird story is told of a young fellow who fell in love with a young woman whom he met at the Plaza at a fashion show and luncheon. They hit it off right from the start, had so many things in common—the opera, art, literature and the drama. For months they were constantly running into each other at social affairs. Eventually they reached a point where they thought of steady dating.

Then she discovered something. She called the whole thing off in a towering rage. What did she learn? That he was a bus boy! As if that wasn't bad enough, she learned that he worked for the same chain of restaurants in which she was a waitress. Yes, there's a female branch of BSFL, too!



## THE WIFE SWAPPER

(Continued from page 16)

may have had her faults, but she'd been a damned fine bed-mate. Eager and fun-loving, and full of energy. And built like a woman should be, too. Norm closed his eyes and pictured to himself Lola's large, full bosom, her womanly, just a wee bit heavy hips, her soft, warm lips and the way her eyes would half close at the peak of their lovemaking. Norm sighed, his remembrances fading as the conductor called his station and he made his way to the back of the car.

He had to wait half-an-hour for the bus and he fidgeted impatiently as it crawled through the maze of streets to his block. He dragged his feet wearily as he walked the two blocks from the bus stop to his house. It was dark. Peggy must be out playing mah-jong or something. That means no hot supper that night, he thought bitterly. But he knew he was being unfair. After all, she hadn't been expecting him.

He let himself in the front door and trod up the thickly carpeted stairs to the bedroom. First he'd get out of his sweaty clothes and have a shower. Then he'd go see what he could scrounge up in the kitchen.

He had one foot on the top step when he heard the voices talking: " . . . doesn't matter. I'm here now

A man never knows what a treasure he's got until he loses it."

"Neither does a woman. Oh, Jim, if you'd only been this way when we were married, I never—"

"I know. I know. I wouldn't either. But if I left her now, what would Lola have?"

"Or Norm?"

"Well, at least we've got tonight."

"Maybe tomorrow, too. Norm probably won't be back until Sunday. By the way, what did you tell Peggy?"

"That I was going out of town."

She giggled. "That's what Norm told me."

There was silence for a moment and when she spoke again it was in a different tone of voice entirely. "Oh, I like that!"

"How about this?"

"Yes. Yes. Don't stop, darling. Never stop. . ."

Quietly Norm tipped down the stairs. Silently he closed the front door behind him. Thoughtfully he strode across the lawn to the house next door.

There's a pattern to suburban living, he reflected. A definite pattern. . .





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## MONKEY ON HER BACK

(Continued from page 48)

usually occupies about a minute and a half. If his antagonist is not speedily withdrawn death is certain, as his windpipe will be torn away—the monkey exhibiting at this time a fearful appearance, being deluged with blood. But it is the blood of his opponent alone.

The fighting monk's imposing string of victories soon led to an engagement in the Westminster Pit, the most famous dog-fighting, badger and bear-baiting arena in London. In that pit, measuring 18 by 20 feet, Jacko met and beat 14 of the stoutest fighting dogs in the Empire.

Eventually, Jacko was matched with the most formidable champion of England, a 25-pound bull terrier bitch named Puss, owned by Tom Cribb, one of the greatest champions boxing has ever known.

Cribb gained his title in the bare-knuckle days some 30 years before the Marquis of Queensberry set up rules that converted boxing into a "gentleman's sport." In those days a knockdown marked the end of a round. A contest between two evenly matched fighters often went 75 rounds, lasting two hours or more.

A lethal slugger and superb strategist, Cribb never refused a bout and fought more opponents than any three professionals of his time. The highpoint of his career was the second defense of his title against the American Negro Molinieux.

The first fight had taken place in the middle of winter, but in the open, and Molinieux, unaccustomed to the rigors of English climate, nearly froze to death before the fight got under way. As he warmed up he gave an excellent account of himself, but Cribb knocked him out at the end of 39 rounds, in 55 minutes.

Molinieux's backers at once set up the cry that their man had been defeated by the weather, not by Cribb. So the latter agreed to a return match. It took place on Sept. 23, 1811.

During the early rounds of that fight the challenger administered terrific punishment to the champion. Cribb's eyes were almost completely closed. Blood spouted in a constant stream from a broken nose and torn mouth. Battered and grim, he fought on, persistently pounding away at his opponent's midriff.

After the seventh round these tactics began paying off. Molinieux's wind was gone, his strength ebbing fast. He was constantly caught off balance. His blows went wild.

Suddenly, lashing out with a deadly left, Cribb hit him flush on the jaw. There was a dead crack, the challenger's jaw sagged (it was broken), he fell to the floor.

The fight should have ended right

there and then, for Molinieux was out a full 30 seconds after the prescribed count. But Cribb allowed him to get up.

Measuring him with a left, the champ crossed his right and knocked him down again. The challenger staggered upright and advanced upon Cribb, fists held high. Another right sent him crashing to the ground. This time he was unconscious.

The savage, 11-round battle had lasted only 19 minutes. It silenced forever Cribb's critics, made him the national idol of the British Isles.

With no other opponents in sight, Cribb now turned his attention to dog-fighting. He trained and handled a number of outstanding dogs, but Puss was the favorite of his string. In courage, will to fight and skill, she was the perfect animal counterpart of her master.

Entered in pit contests 13 times—an almost incredible record in view of the viciousness of the game—she emerged a winner every time. In one battle, crippled by her opponent, she crossed the pit on one shoulder, rapidly propelled by her powerful hindquarters, to get to her foe and kill him.

Cribb was firmly convinced that no animal of equal weight—to say nothing of one only half her height—could face this peerless bitch in the pit and live. So he didn't hesitate to put up a sizeable wager that Puss would stay with the monkey Jacko five minutes—a full minute longer than any other opponent had survived—or kill him before that time.

To properly condition his entry for the grueling contest, he put her through a rigorous training program that included a ten-mile walk every day and an hour on the treadmill. After each workout she got a thorough massage. Her feet were toughened by daily soaking in a brine solution. Twice daily, for half an hour or more, she sparred with a catkin suspended from the ceiling by ropes and pulleys so as to approximate an actual opponent. During the 30-day training period the dog got 1½ pounds of meat and only one cup of water per day.

The purpose of this Spartan-like program was to bring her to the fight as light as possible, and at the same time have her strong and willing. By the time it ended Puss had lost about one-fifth her original weight. But she was as strong as a horse, as tough as a bear, as bold as a lion.

The historic match took place at Westminster Pit on June 14, 1821.

At the appointed hour Jacko took his place on the scratch line at one end of the pit. Tom Cribb set Puss down on the line at the opposite



and she was in fine fettle, straining at the leash and raring to go. The gallery was packed solid with spectators, shouting their wagers. On a high seat overlooking the pit sat the umpire, a stop-watch in his fist.

When time was called, Cribb unleashed his dog. She left the scratch line like a bullet headed straight for the foe. Jacko met the charge by leaping high over her head. Whirling like a flash, Puss charged again. Again the monkey leaped nimbly over her head. Puzzled by such unorthodox tactics, Puss hesitated a split second.

That was all Jacko needed in a moment he was on her back, his long legs gripping her belly, spidery arms wrapped about her neck. Reaching down, with a cunning pull on her off foreleg he upset the astonished canine and had her completely at his mercy—well within the specified time.

Cribb immediately sued up the situation. Wading in, he pulled the bring, scratching meek off Puss and thus saved her life by conceding defeat.

The spectators set up a wild clamor. Those who had bet on the dog demanded that the fight continue, insisting that as long as she continued to fight a lucky break might still give her victory. But Cribb refused to permit his pet to take the risk.

Tucking Puss under his arm, he made good his escape during the excitement, narrowly averting being torn limb from limb by the infuriated throng. It is reported that he later made good most of the money lost by the dog's backers out of his own pocket.

Puss never fought in the pits again.

As for Jacko, after this decision no dog fancier was willing to risk an animal in the pit with him. The fighting monkey was forced to retire, undefeated champion of the dog pits. Deprived of action, he became embittered and morose. About a year later he went on a rampage, badly bit and mauled his owner and was clubbed to death in the ensuing struggle.

In May 1822 Tom Cribb formally retired from the prize ring. He took his farewell bow at the Fives Court, receiving at that time a heavily studded belt to symbolize his stature as undefeated heavyweight champion of the world.

When he died, 26 years later, at the age of 67, sporting fans throughout the United Kingdom contributed to a fund to erect a monument over his grave in memory of the greatest champion, and most extraordinary gambler, of the 19th century.



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Albany	NY	2107
Albany	NY	2108
Albany	NY	2109
Albany	NY	2110
Albany	NY	2111
Albany	NY	2112</

Thus, there is evidence to suggest that lower income families spend only a small proportion of their income on food. Only one third supply under

14. *Small group work*

(*Statistical Parameter adjusted to local conditions.*)

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**WHEN** Bobbie and Barbara White (top) go into their sister act, the view is topsy-turvy, but delightful all the same. The girls are practicing circus stunts on a trapeze set up right in their own backyard. This is a daily procedure that attracts male onlookers from blocks around.



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